

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Why the
Soviets beat us

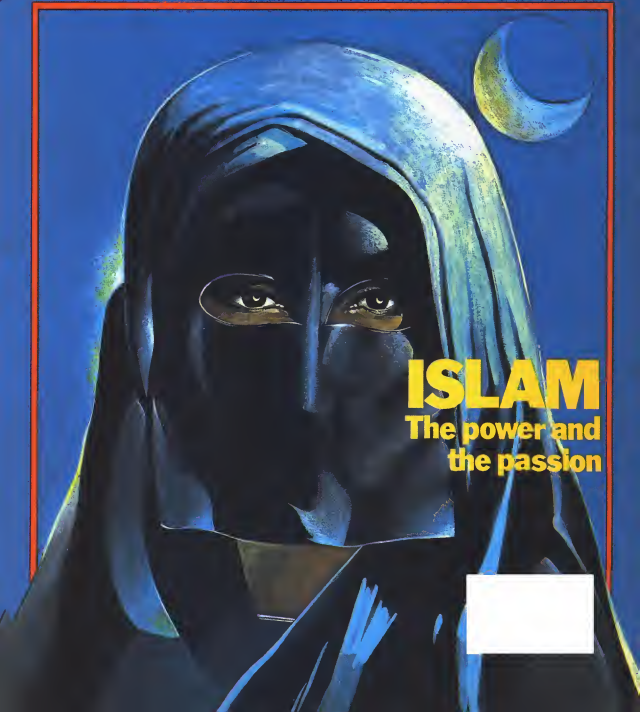


Maclean's



FEBRUARY 28, 1979

75¢



ISLAM
The power and
the passion



Shawcross-Somers Limited



Experiments

Introducing the Raintamer golf jacket professionally styled and with the fine detailing you've come to associate with Raintamer coats. All Raintamer outerwear has a polyester/cotton shell that shrugs off rain, is equally at home in the shine

The golf jacket. Action back. Unlined so it's machine washable. Powder, Beige, Mauve, Navy. Sizes 36-48. Regular model \$30, Tall: \$32.

The coat. With polyester/cotton plaid lining. Beige or Navy in sizes 36-48 to fit most builds.

Trenchcoat. \$85. **Basic coat (not shown).** \$70.

the men's store

Maclean's

VOL 92 NO 9



John Reed wears a rose in his lapel and is called "Bing" by his friends, but nonetheless he's the man at the top of the union debate. **Page 4**

With an Etrog best-address nomination to her credit, Sonja Torgon thought she was on her way. Now she's a waitress at a Toronto restaurant. **Page 20**



Across three continents, the feet of Islam are flaring hot, angry brush fires. From the jungles of the Philippines to the ghettos of Chicago, the words of the Prophet are stirring new allegiances in hearts weary of Western ways of life. This faith is on to new political alliances and a new social order based on ages-old law and precepts. But is just a beginning. **Page 27**



Canadian diplomacy appeared more passive than pro-active last week at the end of a faux-pas-filled visit by French PM Raymond Barre. **Page 21**

[illegible]

© 1995 by John Wiley & Sons, Inc. All rights reserved. This journal is registered at the Copyright Clearance Center, Inc., 222 Rosewood Drive, Danvers, MA 01923. Organizations in the U.S. who are also registered with C.C.C. may therefore copy material (beyond the limits permitted by sections 107 and 108 of U.S. copyright law) subject to payment to C.C.C. of the per copy fee of \$05.00. This consent does not extend to multiple copying for promotional or commercial purposes.  0893-3902/95 \$05.00.
 ISI Tear Sheet Service, 3501 Market Street, Philadelphia, PA 19104, USA, is authorized to supply single copies of separate articles for private use only. Organizations authorized by the Copyright Licensing Agency may also copy material subject to the usual conditions.
 For all other use, permission should be sought from John Wiley & Sons, Inc., 605 Third Avenue, New York, NY 10158.

John Reid: man on the move, finally

By Roy MacGregor

Later, as he slips a midnight tea on the flight back to Ottawa, John Reid will look into the coming months and allow that telegrams "will make me as destiny me." He will not mention Jack Star will be rekindling how fortunate it was that there were only a couple of nervous instantiations to record his first official speech as Canada's minister of state for federal-provincial relations. But for now, as those words are delivered fully in a cold public-school gym-

nasium out in the Toronto five known as Scarborough, Reid's formal task improves out a single pair of hands to meet. Wearing a white and red coat, he sits on the edge of a table and speaks to a large gathering of Royal Flying Corps, less than two dozen of them actually sporting hoods. At the evening's most impressive moment—at least, the moment that tells above the rest—Reid

finds the new minister in his "debate" at this month's constitutional conference, will conflict after all these years.



will add to make several points, the first being that the Liberals "are prepared to negotiate with Quebec," the same as with any other province, and he accidentally takes it off by throwing his right fist out—with the middle finger raised.

At that moment, in the very province he was inadvertently fingering, the television focus is on Marc Lalonde, the man Reid succeeded as federal-provincial minister last Nov. 24, and on Claude Martin, the Parti Québécois minister with the same duties—but different intentions—as Reid Lalonde and Martin are appearing on the program. This may be the third of a series of angry and dimly debated. And not only is it abundantly clear to anyone watching that Marc Lalonde, who as justice minister is supposed to show constitutional respect with Reid, is the Ottawa representative who matters as far as federal-provincial concerns went, but John Reid's name is never even mentioned.

Only five days later, Lalonde and Reid find themselves on each side of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau for the latest in the long drive of constitutional conferences (Montreal, Feb. 18). Looking like a novice preacher at an auxiliary tea, Reid enthusiastically has his scheduled speech—in federal-provincial duplication of effort—scrapped by Chairman Trudeau to save time, turning the new minister into a face without a voice as far as the country was concerned. He had spoken to a house audience the day before, on CTV's *Question Period*, but it had only worked against him. Perched by his cabinet vows to short virtually every question beyond his health, the appearance had been, in the words of one of Reid's interviewers, "barbaric."

But it is John Reid's personal belief that "out of disaster comes opportunity." The 40-year-old minister's most striking feature in his residence in Montreal and he is desperately eager to meet it in the days to come as he moves to become the anglophone face in the unity squabble. The Liberal party clearly hopes to make national unity and the constitution main election issues—after which they may turn water into Don Pergande—and Reid is expected by campaign director Senator Keith Dwyer to be "in the forefront" of the debate. That strategy might well have been shared were it not that Reid did perform well—albeit away from the cameras—in a number of impromptu reporter sessions at the conference. The

PORTRAIT

PORTUGAL NOW!

(You can't afford to stay home.)



Plan your own 2 week
Portugal Adventure.
Only \$569.50 from Montreal.
\$583.50 from Toronto.

If you're looking for a vacation package that's neither over-organized nor over-priced, take a look at this.

The Portugal Adventure includes your return CP Air fare (based on a minimum group of 20 assembled for you).

Your choice of accommodation (double occupancy) from many top hotels along Portugal's Costa Da Estoril in Estoril and Cascais. And along the Algarve.

Your own rented car with unlimited mileage for breathtaking four-wheel adventure.



The services of a tour representative during your stay. And a hefty holiday gift bag upon your arrival at Lisbon. IT86.PIC702.

For your free copy of our Portugal Adventure brochure, call your travel agent or CP Air today. (Prices are per person, subject to change, and do not include departure taxes.)

Come on along any
Monday or Wednesday.

Catch one of our beautiful cruise jets from Montreal (YUL) or Toronto to Lisbon.

And we'll go out of our way to start your vacation long before you get to Portugal.

"WE'RE OUT TO BE YOUR AIRLINE."

CP Air

Liberal party's immediate problem, before making national only in 1976, is to find a cure for the effect large audiences have on John Reid: nervous turns to mush.

In John Reid's mind anyway, there had never been any doubt that he was the man for the job. He has been thwarted, but never dithered. High-school elections eluded him, col-

leagues "innocent" when discussing him. Reid was "John's not very humble, and when you're a servant of the people it helps to have a little humility."

There are times when optimism, this soul/plasma, are to be feared and preserved—and let the beholder decide with what they mean. When John Reid

Thunder Bay was. And there was also the matter of his own *St. James*. Appearing before a spring, 1975, hearing on the government proposals for non-federal income rules, Reid traced a hypochondriac situation whereby he, as parliamentary secretary to the House leader, might come into classified budget information and pass it on to parties who might prosper. On July 16,

he discovered the Montreal *Gazette* was running him of precisely this act. A parliamentarian, inquiry later cleared him—the reporter had apparently confused the actual budget with later, and completely open, discussions on post-budget legislation—but the shadow of the inquiry loomed. When John Turner resigned it created a cabinet opening it went to Bud Clavin instead of Reid. And a few months later, when a second cabinet post was allocated to Northern Ontario a week, surprisingly, to Jean-Jacques Blais of Niagara, Reid was shattered. "It was like talking to someone whose humily had just gone down in a plane crash," says a friend. "It seemed to me that the end had come," Reid recalls.

Anytime, even someone as totally self-confident as John Reid, would have to realize now that his own prediction would never come true. Reid, it was bleak in Keweenaw that they often said "John's not what you'd call one of the goons," but it seemed to hold true in Ottawa as well. "I'm not the smoothest team player available," Reid admits, and he knows that he would likely be worse than the backstabbing Senator.

Over New Year's of 1975 he decided to get out. It was being said that he should offer his safe seat to Liberal MP Keith Penner who was about to lose his Northern Ontario riding through redistribution. Reid had been around long enough and served loyally enough to expect a reward, and idle talk made it clear to him that a seat on something like the Canadian Transport Commission or the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission was being wanted for him. There were also opportunities in consulting, a professional career, he would be available to an anxious lobbyist. "I'd been a lobbyist for so long," he says of the earliest days of his career. He sat down and decided whether or not to run

was a teenager he put a float in a local parade, an outburst labeled "Conservative Headquarters." When he grew up he studied the books on when someone's right on Lake of the Woods standing in the kitchen of a friend's cottage and loudly, effectively, assaulting the philosophy of Ayn Rand. Ironically, it was Reid's studied opinions and disquisitions that are supposed to be in politics—so consistent lessons is to learn—that held him back as long. In 1968, as a member of a House procedural committee, he tangled with Donald Mackintosh, who was then House leader, over a draft proposal for altering the consent of five members would be able to debate bills. Reid denies the connection, but it has been said this was he never made it into the cabinet while Mackintosh was the minister responsible for Ontario, despite the fact that he was annually recommended by another, equally back-scratching minister.

He also suffered from bad geography. Reid's Northern Ontario riding was simply too close to Robert Andrus'



Reid and Clavin during the Ottawa talk, in public, the microphone can turn to mouth.

large voices ignored him. The presidency of the University of Manitoba Studies in Ottawa was beyond him—but from the moment he arrived in Ottawa in 1968 as the member for Keweenaw Riding River, Reid has said he was destined for a cabinet role. That it took nearly 14 years to come was merely a gross miscalculation; when it did arrive he was ready. Whisked by helicopter from the evening ceremony to a secluded federal-provincial discussion, he drove into the house and was met by a waiting federal official "Gosh, John," he said, "I thought this was a closed meeting." Delighted, Reid flashed his killer smile and announced "I'm now your minister."

Less than two weeks later, in a Dec. 7 vote in his loyal constituents, he tested this was merely the beginning. "I gather something may happen in time," he wrote, "probably an appointment as deputy house leader." Little wonder even his many friends touch on the



Frank McEachern, Account Executive, Edmonton

"Investors need tax shelters. Oil companies need investors. Merrill Lynch has a way to put them together."

It's one thing to create a tax-sheltered drilling program, it's another thing to get it into the hands of the right investors, and show them how to use it. Merrill Lynch expertise did all that for me, and for my clients.

That's Fred Dunn, a Merrill Lynch Account Executive, talking about how he uses Merrill Lynch expertise to help his clients.

"More and more investors are concerned about after-tax return on their investments. Merrill Lynch provides new and exciting investment opportunities to meet that concern.

"For instance, drilling programs. Merrill Lynch offered one of the first public drilling programs in Canada. It provided a tax shelter, and other features including a buy-back provision.

"But what really impressed me was the way the specialists who designed the program were always available to help me explain it to my clients.

"That applies to Chris Bell, the Underwriter who structured this



Christopher Bell, Vice President Underwriter

tax-sheltered investment.

"With support from Frank McEachern, a Merrill Lynch Research Analyst in oil and gas, Chris looked into the ability of several oil and gas companies to operate drilling programs in a responsible manner.

"Once they found an acceptable company, Chris worked with specialists structuring the kind of limited partnership which would serve the capital needs of the drilling program and the investment needs of our clients.

"The buy-back provision was a first in Canada. Chris drew on the

experience of our New York oil and gas specialists to help design and refine the terms of this provision.



Henry Schreiner, Research Analyst, Oil and Gas

But for me the real sharing of expertise came after the prospectus was approved. Chris wrote a 32-page brief, and reached with Henry Schreiner, a Merrill Lynch Marketing Specialist, finalizing the Account Executive information package.

"Together they visited each Merrill Lynch office. They met with Account Executives, showed us how the program worked, and established a line of



Henry Schreiner, Account Executive, Marketing Specialist

communication that stayed open long after their visit.

"We had questions about the program I'd call Chris. If I had questions about the marketing, I'd call Henry. And if my clients had questions about other aspects of the oil and gas industry in general I'd call Frank.

"At Merrill Lynch we have the best people we can. And we put them in touch with each other, so that expertise is only a phone call away. That's why we know one of our Account Executives can help you solve some of your investment problems.

There's only one Merrill Lynch.



**Merrill Lynch
Royal Securities
Limited**

again. "I eventually came to the very discouraging conclusion that the best place to be was right here," he says. "The next five years are going to be fascinating times."

Little did he know then that he would be at the centre of those times. Eventually, he went into the cabinet because the Liberals ran short of Manitoba bodies when Joe Guay went into the Senate. Reid's riding was next door, he had married a Winnipeg woman, had Winnipeg connections and was a graduate of the University of Manitoba. But that wasn't the whole reason. Nor was it particularly for his other qualities, not his brightness (a thesis short of a PhD in history) nor his remarkable pragmatism (though Robert Winters' very nearly successful campaign for the 1986 Liberal leadership was engineered to a great degree by a detailed memo from John Reid—as an academic exercise, he says—Reid himself supported Trudeau). No, what finally got him across to the cabinet was a motivation by the Liberals that a campaign based on national unity didn't have a prayer as long as it was fronted by two francophones, Pierre Trudeau and Marc Lalonde. The order went out for an acceptable

anglophone face, preferably fresh.

In the 2½ months since his appointment John Reid has managed only one change to the cabinet office he inherited from Marc Lalonde: in the top drawer of the desk he keeps a longer red lead pencil that has been sharpened by a knife and says "Re-elect John Reid." It is his constant reminder of where he comes from.

If Ontario could be personified so it could be seen crouching down to meet its riches, John Reid's riding would form the neglected rear end. It was, and remains, frontier country, and the people from it are impossible to compartmentalize. Reid's own family is composed of generational skips, a Jewish grandfather followed by a conservative calculator. His great-grandfather hit up three friends for \$6,000 at the turn of the century to start up a sawmill at Port Franco and had repaid the loans and retired a wealthy man barely 10 years later. His grandfather sold insurance. His father, also John Reid, was and is a dreamer who built an empire in tiny Atkasook, which failed when Reid's industry slumped. A couple of years later he was separated from his wife, then

divorced, a "junta" experience for his children which may, unconsciously, have something to do with John Reid's sliding passion for keeping his country together.

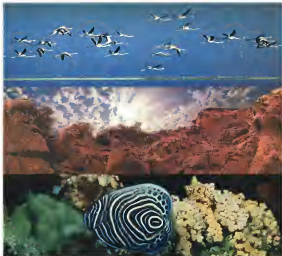
Reid's father rebounded to success and is now wintering in Florida where he jokes about his misadventures and laughs at the differences between himself and his son. "I always believed in cooling my weary along the water and seeing what it might," he says. "John has always been a close fellow with a buck." True to description, Reid's first set on arriving back in Ottawa from the Scarborough speaking engagement was to have his special assistant make a claim against Air Canada for a pair of rubbers Reid forgot aboard the flight down. From his earliest days he preferred the intellectual rewards of winning to the monetary. As for a loan, it could be rationalized, nothing out of pocket. He preferred bridge and chess (which he played by mail) to games of chance. And unlike his brother who liked to call himself Pope Pat 1, John was going to wait and see, and make his move depending on how the board stood at the time.

The move into politics was a natural

A man in Merit can take anything in his stride.

The true gentleman's past. In pure virgin wool. The quality exceeds the price. The look and fit will make them all look twice! Available at selected department stores and fine specialty stores.

Merit A complete line of clothing for the complete man



God's Country.

The natural beauty of Israel is something to behold.

The Negro desert with its violet mountains, yellow canyons, rare wildlife and unique vegetation.

The dazzling coral of the Red Sea where you'll see some of the most remarkable colors ever viewed underwater.

The nature reserve of Haifa Bay where biblical animals such as the cheetah, gazelle, and oxpeckers roam freely.

The Mediterranean grottoes of Rasht Hamkha where splashing waves become rainbows.

The Sea of Galilee at sunset. The softness of the Dead Sea at sunrise.

But there is another kind of beauty, one that is Israel. A beauty that can be felt in Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Haifa, Nazareth, Jericho. For Israel is the land of the Bible.

Come visit us. Your Travel Agent can tell you how the new low airfares and tours to Israel.

Israel! Come soon!
Travelers' Office
1000 Main St. West - Suite 700
Toronto, Ontario M5S 1A6
Tell me what to see once
I get there

ISRAEL

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

WHEN YOU LOVE 'EM, YOU DON'T LEAVE 'EM.

There are a lot of cars around you can pick up, spend a short time with and then dump. With absolutely no regrets.

With a Volvo, that may not be so easy to do. Because

Volvo is the kind of car people are happy with.

Every year we hear from Volvo owners who go back to hundreds of thousands of miles with their cars. And their love grows stronger as time goes by.

If you've never felt this kind of attachment for a car you've owned, it's time you owned a Volvo. It doesn't take 100,000 miles to love one. Statistics show that 9 out of 10 people who buy new Volvos are happy too.

So why buy a car that gets harder to take with each passing day? When you could own a car that gets harder to leave?

VOLVO

A car you can believe in.



206,882 MILES

BATHURST-BENARDIN, ST. JEAN-VALC, QUEBEC



336,920 MILES

MICHAEL LEMAY, DON MILLS, ONTARIO



141,708 MILES

ROBERT FROST, WEST HILL, ONTARIO



226,602 MILES

PIERRE BOULTON, DOWNSVIEW, ALBERTA



194,630 MILES

DAVIDSON, ST. CATHARINES, ONTARIO



185,928 MILES

FRANCISCA ADRIAN, MISSISSAUGA, ONTARIO



125,325 MILES

ANDREW LONG, BARRINGTON, ONTARIO



138,060 MILES

GEORGETTE ENRIQUET, ST. HUBERT, QUEBEC



000,552 MILES

JOHN GRAYSON, AGINCOURT, TORONTO

opening and he took it. He needed money, a part-time assistant in Ottawa was requested by an old business and political partner of his father's, Bill Reidelknecht, who had been the Keene area's member of Parliament since 1945. Reid decided he liked politics, he gave up his PhD studies and became a full-time special assistant while Reidelknecht served as minister of mines and technical survey in the Pearson government. When Reidelknecht moved into the Senate, Reid sought and was the nomination for the 1965 general election. He was 38, single, and clearly on his way to the top.

After a while, however, it began to seem he was inheriting more than Reidelknecht's seat; he also had his grandfather's business, who had to compete with Lester Pearson and C.D. Howe for Northern Ontario's vote, weighed a long 18 years before a cabinet appointment came his way. "I began to feel I was tracking his career precisely," says Reid. Today, Senator Reidelknecht calls himself a great admirer of his former assistant, but he qualifies his praise with words like "spontaneous" and "careless" and reminds that Reid never once sought out his advice on how to suit his goals.

John Reid did his part. "I have an emotional role which I fully intend to play." This spreading of the good word involves more than 500 federal-provincial meetings to be held this year, many of them to be attended by the new minister of federal-provincial relations. He also says, "The possibility for stupidity is very great," and he is acutely aware that grating the Pagan-Roberts report as much as "the constant voice of people from across the land" is but a week beginning. As the leading anglophone in the play he must somehow prove that he is not merely carrying the robe of the silent majority. "I'll probably have one speech for every region," he says. "And they better be good, because that'll be my one look at the cat."

Unfortunately, his attempts to date have not even scored the cat's whisker in return. A weak speaker who sometimes leans toward detached and musing analysis creates discomfort rather than intimacy, he is going to have to revive his image quickly before it dies on the mark. That he can adapt is demonstrated by the fact that, as a conver-



Reid meets his press, picking up an amplifier here on the national unity debate

sity student, he uttered a L'Amourque air and said his future lay in slender casing. One of Reid's long-standing hobbies is joke-collecting and if he can make people laugh over something they have been crying about since the first constitutional conference on secession in 1987, he will at least have shown that he is not merely a weak anglophone mouth of the business! Mario Lelandi. Whether he can pull on the necessary courage to get any of his thoughts across remains to be seen.

Reid also has a background as a historian rather than a lawyer gives him a valuable insight into what he calls "merely the present man's" but only a fool—and Reid is anything but a fool—would look into Canada's past to answer Canada's future. "History is merely a list of surprises," Reid Vennart has written. "It can only prepare us to be surprised again."

That is a historical interpretation that John Reid would not likely ascribe to, but nor is he too likely to surprise anyone. As this month's conference moved, Reid called the gathering anglophone a great success, but he also said "If you really push Canadian history out for the next 50 years, it will probably be selling another constitutional conference." He did not say who would be selling how many chairs to the table. ☐

We're just where you want us.

Specialized

Chen & Co. London

Cartier & Co. St. John's

Next Business

Bank of Montreal

Bank of Nova Scotia

Bank of Toronto

Bank of Victoria

Bank of Western

Bank of the West

Bank of the North

Bank of the South

Bank of the East

Bank of the West

Bank of the North

Bank of the South

Bank of the East

Bank of the West

Bank of the North

Bank of the South

Bank of the East

Bank of the West

Bank of the North

Bank of the South

Bank of the East

Bank of the West

Bank of the North

Bank of the South

Bank of the East

Bank of the West

Bank of the North

Bank of the South

Bank of the East

Bank of the West

Bank of the North

Bank of the South

Bank of the East

Bank of the West

Bank of the North

Bank of the South

Bank of the East

Bank of the West

Bank of the North

Bank of the South

Bank of the East

Bank of the West

Bank of the North

Bank of the South

Bank of the East

Bank of the West

Bank of the North

Bank of the South

Bank of the East

Bank of the West

Bank of the North

Bank of the South

Bank of the East

Business travellers have got us just where they want us.



Holiday Inn has more than 50 hotels across Canada.

So it's more than likely we've got an Inn just where you need one. And it's

probably within minutes of your clients.

Also, Holiday Inn has extra-special features for business travellers. Like spacious conference rooms, special corporate and group

rates, and seminar packages.

Next business trip, stay with Holiday Inn.

Because you've got us just where you want us.

Holiday Inn

Holiday Inn
Number one in people pleasing

For free guaranteed "Sleeper's" reservation service, call toll free. In B.C., Alta. and Sask., 1-800-268-8811; in Man., Ont., P.Q. and Maritime, 1-800-358-8886. In Toronto, 416-548-1100; in Montreal, 514-481-1100.

Celebrating the holiday that isn't

Just before Christmas, 1976, the federal Parliament snatched Canada's past—entirely to save its future. The Conservatives withdrew support for Secretary of State John Roberts' bill to make the third Monday in February a holiday—Heritage Day—ending the economic strain a seventh statutory holiday would impose. The bill died on the

order paper, not so grossly as restoration of Canada's past. Claimed for the holiday that never was his cities and towns from Charlottetown to Nanaimo celebrating Heritage Day in spite of the politicians.

So while the government now has to spend to get a heritage holiday on the calendar, the people of Banff, Ottawa, for example, have again demonstrated that the spirit of Canada past is alive and kicking. The Ottawa Valley town has just thrown its sixth annual, week-long heritage festival, recalling the community's 122-year history. "The people are way ahead of the politicians, both in celebrating heritage and preserving it," says Pierre Beron, ex-retail chairman of the 10,000-member Heritage Canada, a six-year-old, nonprofit organization dedicated to protecting Canadians. "There's been a huge change in public attitudes over the last five years that the politicians haven't heard about."

In fact, Canada is cursed of having just about the worst record—next to Mexico—among Western nations for preserving its past, creating the spectre of future Heritage Days with nothing left to celebrate.

The death and decay of institutions, meanwhile, are causing fresh heritage struggles daily. Redundant schools, churches and railway stations in the west invite destruction. Braking bills—these ornate 19th-century temples in concrete—are replaced with chrome clones of Manhattan's spires. In Winnipeg, pickets took to the streets to prevent demolition of the old Manitoba head office of the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce. But a bank,

\$500,000 restoring a single building from the excesses of tiny capitalism, 400 Wells, B.C., hope architectural adorns like wedge-shaped buildings, plus replacement of a two-block stretch of 1890s storefronts, will bring tourists to rejuvenate their former ghost town.

On the other hand, demolition has needlessly scarred downtown cores, Denham alleges, "because federal income tax laws foster the creation of parking lots. An owner gets his 1000-sq-ft to tear down his building, but if he wants to space it—or give it away free—he's penalized."

Heritage Canada is demonstrating the economics of preservation in St. John's. Drawing on its \$12-million trust



Gower St. St. John's, historic restoration (above) and with a touch of Heritage still no day off to visit Canada's past

spoliation points out that nearly \$750,000 has been spent on taxes and maintenance during the decade that a new use for it has been sought and neither the city nor province wants to buy the building—despite the token \$1 priority tag.

Nevertheless lawyer Marc Denham, one of Heritage Canada's 20 full-time employees and author of *Heritage Fights Back*, a very manual of history-in-the-making, optimistically contends that "the answer is being turned" in conservation efforts. "There's a new enthusiasm for heritage preservation, that's even managed to transcend Canadian abhorrence for organized patriotism."

In both preservation and demolition, Denham explains, economics is the linchpin. Preservation encourages tourism—and visiting heritage and cultural sites draws more visitors than hunting, fishing or sports. It accounts for 20 per cent of Quebec City's economy, which explains why Quebec spends as much as

faud—a federal dowry—it has joined several partners including the Newfoundland government in buying and restoring about 25 of the city's unique, 1895-eritage clapboard houses. Most of the buildings had been abandoned as uninhabitable but, newly renovated, they are selling for about \$45,000 to owners who undertake to preserve the facade.

Some other changes in attitude at government level are encouraging. Alberta has turned the Aug. 1 civic holiday into a provincial heritage celebration, much like week-long festivities in Quebec at the end of June. But only future generations—fighting to save Arbutus and plants?—will know whether heritage aims have been spared the wrecker's ball or if, like the pendulum, it had merely swung the other way for a while.

KAGANES DORRANCE

35 46 ↑

The travel card for people going places.

Because you travel a lot, you expect a lot from your travel card. That's why you should always carry enRoute. enRoute is a total business and pleasure card that covers transportation by land, sea or air, and makes you welcome at better hotels, fine restaurants and night spots—even major car rental companies. If you have definite ideas on the service, convenience and comfort you want when travelling, remember the enRoute card. If you don't have one, just ask for an application form at your travel agent or any Air Canada ticket office.

Travel enRoute. Apply today.

AIR CANADA



French Bordeaux are the gems from some of the world's most exquisite wine-growing regions...

Calvet St. Emilion.

A fine and full-bodied red Bordeaux, rich and well-rounded. An admirable companion to grilled red meats and full-flavored cheeses.

Roc Rouge.

A pale gold wine from Bordeaux, pleasantly dry, delightfully fresh and fruity. A blend of fine, well-selected vines carefully selected to ensure continuity of quality.

Roc de Lussac.

A graceful and graceful red Bordeaux, aged in quartz cellars. Roc Rouge embodies the outstanding qualities which have made Bordeaux wines famous around the world.

P. M. Lussac.

A deep red wine with a touch of acidity to flatter the palate. From the Lussac-St. Emilion area, where fine wines have been produced since Roman times.

Damen Bordeaux sec.

Acrisp dry and pleasantly fruity blend of wines from several Bordeaux vineyards. Served well-chilled is an excellent aperitif. Available in bottles and magnums.



For more information and the coupon to Canadian Council of French Wine, Send \$52.
40 Glenview Avenue, Toronto, Ontario
M3J 1T7

the Wine of France

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

Letters

Radical check

Janes Lorimer's letter to the editor (Jan. 19) attacks my review of his book on the basis that during the house-price boom of 1972 to 1975, production did not increase to meet the sharply increased demand of that period. In fact, between 1966 and 1973, production doubled. More striking was the increase in single detached houses, up 61 per cent from 1971 to 1975. To support his thesis, Mr. Lorimer says he writes on his own research. His research is contained in a book based mainly on newspaper articles. The real research is in three recent studies he does not refer to—the study by Professors Markusson and Schifano published by the University of Toronto, the study by Professor Andrew Muller published by the Ontario Economic Council and my report published by the Federal/Provincial Land From Study. They find no evidence to support the theory promoted by the radical left that developers hold lots off the market.

DAVID E. GREENSPAN,
CHAIRMAN FEDERAL/PROVINCIAL
LAND FROM STUDY
TORONTO

The noble smithies stand

Members of the Smalldyke Indian camp would like to clarify the statement: "Since the band has supported itself with welfare payments..." which appeared in the article *Smalldyke, Smalldyke*, *Smalldyke*, *Smalldyke* (Dec. 28). They are not on welfare and have not been for more than two years. Their goldsmithing and silversmithing has enabled them to be self-supporting and they are proud of this.

DUNCAN F. CAMERON, DIRECTOR,
CLERKSON METAL, CALGARY

Pure business

In the article *Power to the People—at What Price?* (Jan. 26) you erroneously report that TQM purchases electric power from Hydro at a low rate than other consumers. This is not the case. In all our locations across Ontario we purchase power from municipalities at the going rate. In no way is the ordinary consumer subsidizing this corporation on the purchase of electric power.

J. E. FLEMING, DIRECTOR,
REAL ESTATE AND CONSTRUCTION,
ENR CANADA LTD., DON MILLS, ONT.

Historical precedence

The television editors *Message to Mothers*... (Jan. 29) on WII and Ariel Durant was pretentious and misin-



The Durants' loose teeth are not criteria

ing I watched *The Canadian Connection: The Lessons of History* and found the Durants' work informative and humorous. Surely loose teeth and dimmed hearing are not criteria for even the most superficial evaluation of two people who have proven themselves masters at their research, writing and in their longevity.

ELIZABETH SPARKES, KILGONIA, B.C.

Joe Where

I appreciated Clark's Story Out... (Jan. 28) on Joe Clark's world tour. It was a fair and most unbiased piece. The table of contents labelled the trip "An exercise in statesmanship" and I heartily agree.

W. STEWART LAYELL, WOODSTOCK, ONT.

Simplistic licence?

In the simplistic column *Even if Prints Are All I Can Afford*... (Feb. 1), Barbara Amiel uses the term "art" when she really means "painting." Century by her belief, painting only became an elitist medium during the 20th century and was previously largely used by the Church as the great educator, until Bar-

ad painting or the portable support as we know it was not invented until the 14th century in Siena. It took artists nearly 300 years to refine the medium. Not until anatomy, perspective and paper-orientation problems (thankfully due to the discovery of all points) were fully resolved did painting become a high art. Up to the 18th century, the wealthy preferred the inexpensive fresco and wall tapestry to take the toil of their old European masters. Painting commissions were usually confined to portraiture which artists often used to refine their clumsy brushwork. Artistic statement has always been synonymous with individual expression—the difference between art and craftsmanship. In fact, Michelangelo, despite being a master painter, had lapidary boys with popes for refusing to paint, preferring the more complex challenge of sculpture. Why Amiel tries to substantiate her argument with Hieronymus Bosch, a third-rate Flemish painter who couldn't find work today painting chocolate boxes, is beyond me. In my opinion, in painting and modern masters such as Mark Rothko or Barnett Newman is tedious. As for her comments on native Eskimo and African art—just because a race creates in an isolated environment does not diminish the quality of its art.

SAUL WEISSBERG, TORONTO

Subscribers' Moving Notice

Send correspondence to: Mailbox #164, Station A, Toronto, Ontario M5M 2S8

Name _____	My correspondence is _____
Home Address _____	My old address label _____
City _____	My new address is _____
Postal code _____	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to subscribe to <i>Maclean's</i> for _____
	My old address label _____
	My new address is _____
	of the province _____

Canada's newest steelmaking plant is based on some very old ideas.



"Canada can create the future it wants."
Bill Wallace, Works Manager, Dofasco

The strength of its steel industry has long been a basic index of a nation's prosperity.

Canada is in the fortunate position of having a healthy steel industry built, managed and owned by Canadians.

Thanks to planned growth, problems of under or over-capacity have been relatively minimal. New equipment has been brought on stream at carefully staged intervals to mesh with growing demand.

Efficiency has remained high because Canadian steelmakers have



kept equipment up-to-date. One example is Dofasco's new steelmaking control system — unique to North America and the most advanced available anywhere. It reuses and updates the steel-

the furnace. Which is something like being able to change the ingredients of a cake while it's in the oven.

Production efficiency and good capacity utilization are two reasons Canadian steel prices compare favourably with those of overseas producers paying much lower wages.

To maintain that efficiency and to keep pace with Canadian demand for hot rolled steel, Dofasco is investing heavily in new plant and equipment.

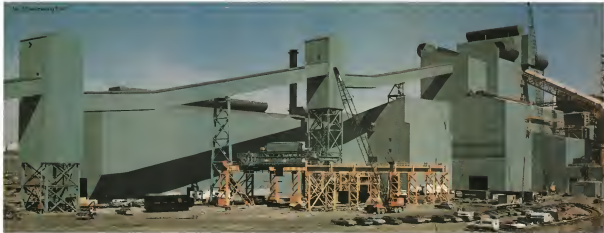
Our new facilities were selected after a careful examination of the best the world had to offer. And

they're backed by one of the most productive work forces in North America.

Investment, efficiency, productivity. Old ideas that put new ideas to work. Dofasco Foundries and Steel, Limited, P.O. Box 480, Hamilton, Ontario, L8N 3J6.

DOFASCO

Our product is steel. Our strength is people.



JUSTIFIABLE OPTIMISM.

The diplomatic horror show

Claude Neon
doesn't make
Outdoor Posters
anymore.

Or Backlights.
Or Mail Posters.
Or Superboards.

MEDIACOM
does.

Who is MEDIACOM? MEDIACOM is us, who are we? We were Claude Neon, but when we sold our electrical sign division, we sold our old name too, which sort of makes sense, because when you've got a name like Claude Neon, it sounds as though you make neon signs, which we did, but now we don't. Still with us?

Not wishing to be a source that shall remain nameless, we're calling ourselves MEDIACOM. But we'll still those folks you know and love who do Outdoor Posters, and Backlights, and Mail Posters, and Superboards and Foster Printing. Some people, new name. And look for even better outdoor service from coast to coast. Because now outdoor's all we're into.

In a press whose only substance is style, Canadian diplomacy appeared more power than professional last week at the end of a four-day visit by French Prime Minister Raymond Barre. When the dignified Barre finally left Mirabel International Airport Tuesday after five days of sliding traps set for him by federal and Quebec politicians, it was difficult to distinguish the roar of his departing French government jet from the collective sigh of relief that the embarrassment was over. From the awkward and repulsed attempt by Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau to have Barre endorse the "Voyage of Canada" to the bawdy performance of Premier Jean Lesage at a state dinner and, at the end, an unceremonious airport send-off, the French prime minister was treated like a reluctant neighbor called in to take sides in a family quarrel.

Typical was the wondrous scene inside a cavernous, multi-level shopping enclosure in midtown Montreal where several thousand eager Quebecers huddled under soaring crystal lanterns to welcome the visitor from Quebec's winter palace. Unabashedly seeking to corner Barre into endorsing his economic schemes, Lesage remarked to



Barre addressing assembly line something!

his second-in-command that they were, as if by chance, standing in a balcony and suggested Barre might like to use the occasion to cry "Vive something or

other"—a reference to General Charles de Gaulle's "Vive le Québec libre" bawled in 1967 from the balcony of Montreal's city hall. Barre's politically neutral reply "Vive les français du Québec" (long live the French of Quebec) satisfied neither Lesage nor the crowd, which answered back with a confused swarming of cheers and boos.

Later in a speech, Lesage alluded to Quebec protest that Jacques Vézina stood behind the seated Barre and Lesage, blithely chatting away with them and blocking the way of writers attempting to serve the visiting prime minister's rapidly cooling cup of tea. Then Barre was mistakenly crowned as "President of the French Republic" and Montreal mayor Jean Drapeau donned off at the head table during the guest of honor's speech. The French politician let slip a minor goof of his own when he noted small countries are necessarily disadvantaged against powerful "industrial states"—an analysis more favorable to federations than to the designs of his Quebec hosts.

But such slip went almost unnoticed under the pall of humiliation cast by an unceremonious after-midnight speech by Lesage that provoked a powerful "industrial states"—an analysis more favorable to federations than to the designs of his Quebec hosts.

Back home to good reviews

French Prime Minister Raymond Barre, an economist with no diplomatic or political experience before his appointment, could draw considerable satisfaction from the results of the home town newspaper he found waiting for him when he flew back to Paris last week from his delicate mission to the strange dual domain of Canada-Quebec. As the visit began, the political weekly *Le Point* commented: "It's almost vaudeville. It's enough that this French prime minister should pay an official visit to Canada [to stir up national feeling between longtime lovers who can't keep history's skeletons locked in the closet]." And *Le Point* reported there had been two close combats as the unhappy mélange of two worked out its protocol of life and

However, as the visit went on the carefully ambiguous blendness of Barre's no speech seemed to cheer up the political commentators back home. "Vive medi-

com!" it growled a *France-Sor* headline. *Le Figaro* knew how to stay neutral in Quebec, "saying nothing to stir up local passions." The gut separating the heads of Jean Lesage and the followers of Pierre Trudeau the paper noted was apparent in "unavoidable little details—a shouting match at the airport between Les-

age and Barre, almost vaudeville.



comique, the cardboard routine worth to disturb René Lévesque's *L'Opinion d'Homage*.

But French diplomacy did: I like a simple letter that declared Pierre Trudeau's name. Barre portably found a deal even when in Ottawa. Trudeau asked Canadians not to export their internal problems. He did the same in Quebec when Lesage demanded Franco-Quebecois relations as an attempt to force things could be better in a sovereign Quebec and the rest of Canada. "And in *Le Monde*, Alain Clément wrote that Barre played very much master of himself. It might have been heard—if probably was heard in Ottawa—that the part of the trip would prove an excuse for mutual admission and bilateral authors making a profession for a separate solution on the part of France. Barre's humor and calm got around that problem." But *Le Monde* stressed that while all relations are discounted the west strengthened France's commitment to Quebec. Whatever the present government of Quebec does, it promises France will be behind it and cooperate directly and actively.

Kevin Donohue

with The Incident took place early Monday in a dining room inside the Musée de Québec on the Plains of Abraham. What should have been a brief and polite luncheon by the Quebec premier to toast Barre became instead a 90-minute political harangue in which a starving Lévesque managed to march Trudelle, former premier Robert Bourassa and Barre himself. Repeatedly until dawn to be a pillar of civility in a government with its fair share of trollers and a few outright drunks, Lévesque was comically in his cups when he remarked that "even Robert Bourassa had strengthened Franco-Quebec unity. While Lévesque's speech disassembled into unrecognizability, Bourassa and the other guests dispensed their feelings behind this veil, leaving Lévesque to choke alone at his incoherence. Barre was clearly amused by his host's allusion to the French leader's "long silence" during an Ottawa news conference the preceding week when Barre searched, unsuccessfully, for an appropriate word to describe Franco's attitude toward Canada. Worse, Lévesque ended his soliloquy by calling Trudelle a warmonger of the consequences of Quebec independence "baroque substitutes for Dr. Strangelove."

Federal politicians proved so much courteous when, following Barre's showmanlike address to the Quebec national assembly, the Liberal and Union Nationale opposition parties refused to applaud the French prime minister's revelation of his country's promise of support for whatever future Québécois chose for themselves. Thus, two hours of acrimonious debate followed a single attempt to thank

The line forms outside her door

Many have been the first bids of a spring election emerging in Friday's bright sun over Parliament Hill. Spring an adventure, now tumultuous, the reminder responsible for Loto Canada, now Compagnie, decided that beginning next morning just at dusk of what has been going on far to play off Olympic bids, will twofold go to



Barre. Though the French guest made it clear before and throughout his official visits to Ottawa and Quebec that he

would avoid exacerbating the country's schism, members of the pro-Quebec Quebec Canada, Conservative Party, right plans to launch Barre's Quebec City arrival by trading over his carolade a huge banner proclaiming "Vote La Rivière Libre—a reminder of France's own troubles with Breton separatists."

The local indignities occurred at Barre's departure Tuesday from Mirabel where, against the Quebec government's protests, federal Justice Minister Marc Lalonde was waiting with a clutch of French and Canadian flags and a military guard of honor. Mifflin, Lévesque stood with his negotiator in hand during the playing of the Marseillaise—aid with arms pointedly folded across his chest as others stood at attention for O Canada. Though invited by Lalonde, Lévesque refused to accompany Barre to his aircraft.

Barre jokingly uttered the requested words of thanks and appreciation when he took leave of his hosts. They might remember, however, their guest's humorous after-lunch remark a few hours earlier: "We French always try to say the opposite of what we really think."

Ray MacGregor

Compagnie, a behind-the-scenes actor

unwieldy athletes and actors. The surprise was that art and culture, still breeding, have lost the federal budget cut, would be guaranteed at least 30 per cent of the \$20 million or more that will become available.

Once the new Loto scheme became known by cabinet there was "an incredible behind-the-scenes clamor" for the money according to one insider. And though the winter was predicted, it's large amount of money—about \$5 per cent or more will go toward fitness, amateur sport and "recreational activities of national importance"—clear wording that will permit the transfer of fitness and amateur sport to continue. Being about putting up \$18.15 million toward turning Québec City, Edmonton, Winnipeg and Hamilton into major-league professional hockey franchises.

But the one gleaming on Friday was not Loto Compagnie. It was rather, Secretary of State John Roberts, who has somehow been the sales and culture minister since he was the culture minister. He was clearly willing to leave his chair for the gift only half-jokingly letting it be known that this was "being given that a strong secretary of state can influence his colleagues."

David Thomas

Alberta

The billion-dollar gift horse leaves the gate

There's a rumor about in Alberta that underneath that mol, dense exterior, Peter Lougheed is really a romantic. It's a pretty tough rumor to ignore when, for the second time since he's been in office, the kid with the biggest pony back on the block picks Valentine's Day to call an election. The provincial premier, who controls more billions in the bank than some nations spend in a decade, picked the coldest day of the year in Alberta to announce the March 14 vote. Cold hands, warm heart. Just days before, Tory Lougheed had swept aside any possibility of serious opposition to his government by tossing

out a \$1-billion gift to the province's municipalities: \$500 for every man, woman and child in the province for the purpose of paying off municipal debt. For cities such as Edmonton and Calgary, that will mean about \$250 million each—about 60 per cent of their debt. And for smaller, debt-free communities such as Cardston, it's an outright gift. Cardston is in the heart of Social Credit Country. At least, it is as it goes into the March 14 election.

The \$1 billion was on the heels of a \$120-million transportation allocation

Lougheed's ability to bow to the East



for cities with the common urban pain of moving people around downtown. Between the two pre-election gifts, Alberta homeowners, rather than facing major tax hikes next year, can expect a 10- to 20-per-cent tax rate decline. It's tough to look a gift horse in the mouth, something upon which the Conservative election organizers are undoubtedly counting.

After 15 years in power, there is little doubt that Lougheed's influence to the electorate will be returned an enthusiastically as it was in his overwhelming second victory four years ago. He swept back into office that time after a shock overture over power with Pierre Trudeau in Calgary. His new election call came just a week after the Ottawa constitutional conference at which he refused to accept fresh federal offers of increased provincial control and losing power over resources. Cynics will note that, in announcing Premier Albert Hanesky also took a strong hands-off approach to resources. Cynics will note that, in announcing Premier Albert Hanesky also took a strong hands-off approach to resources. Cynics will note that, in announcing Premier Albert Hanesky also took a strong hands-off approach to resources.

With so much else going for him, however, Lougheed may not find it so necessary to appeal to Albertans' generation-old anti-Edmonton bias. For even with 70 seats he has not increased from 55 by redistribution of other parties' votes. He has not yet secured their greatest liability. Some predictions have the Tories grabbing as much as 70 per cent of a small vote turnout. Since Lougheed's planners have anticipated and discounted the Social Credit platform of turning off money back to the municipalities, it seems likely that with the possible exception of leader Bob Clark, the once-dominant Social Credit party may be destroyed at the polls. The NDP, under Grant Nottley, extorts money in order to become the third opposition—perhaps not an impossible dream even though NDP territorial means northern in the "land of free enterprise and greed of it." The provincial Liberal party has been reduced to a partisan pole and it seems unlikely that Alberta's newly certified Communist party can even achieve that distinction. With \$1 billion in the bank, Lougheed has the ammunition over a barrel. And one discouraged Social Credit, "How can you vote against Santa Claus?"

Don't Lougheed



Cracking the Cuban coffee connection

Coroner Tom Simpson of the RCMP speeds his time tracking down the details of commercial fraud—indicating auditors' sort of work but seldom glamorous or exciting. In the past two months, however, Simpson of the Montreal has spent 45 days out of the country, 33 of them feverishly island-hopping around the Caribbean in an RCMP plane. With colleague Inspector Ralph Brookbank he spent a week in Cuba—a first for the Mounties—where they were given access to top government officials. And across his office walls in downtown Toronto spreads a 15-foot chart tracing a giant international coffee scandal which left the Cuban government \$103 million poorer and the reputation of Castro's agents as tough bargainers somewhat tarnished.

In all started last November when the Banco Nacional de Cuba called in the Mounties for help. The Cuban government had just been bookended. As the story came out in preliminary hearings against two men in Miami recently, the game seems very like this: last October four men sold the Cuban government 3,300 tons of coffee grown in the Dominican Republic—but they had no intention of delivering. Instead they spent \$750,000 on a decrepit freighter which they planned to make—empty except for one mythical load of coffee beans—en route to Havana. The ship set sail, they

reality walked on Toronto banks and walked out with Cuba's money, but failure to bring the right port official in Santo Domingo resulted in the wrong

Foster (right), Mounties Simpson and Brookbank the Cubans were eager to help



never mentioning the ship. So the August Peters sailed into Costa Rica with embarrassingly empty holds. That was one evidence for the conspirators. Another, as one put it, was that "we hadn't planned on the cover."

So far, a 36-year-old Miami lawyer, Peter Franklin Paul, has pleaded guilty to

in the U.S. in connection with the fraud. And a mysterious West German nationalist who once lived in Montreal, Karl Fessler, is now battling extradition to Canada. He was arrested on his way to Miami airport bearing an second-world affairs ticket, \$48,000 in gold gold plates, \$25,000 in travellers

cheques and \$800,000 in stocks. Fessler's Miami lawyer, Samuel Barr, has protested that once Canada gets him, Cuba will request his extradition and he may face a firing squad. But Canada has no extradition treaty with Cuba. Says Mountie Brookbank "We don't care about Cuba. The offence was committed in Canada and we will investigate it." Barr also tried to prosecute a story that two residents of the Quebec Asylum, being held in Havana jail in connection with the scandal, were actually hijacked there by the Cubans. But when Cuban authorities brought the pair to the Mounties' Havana hotel room for questioning, they said they had given themselves up voluntarily once they discovered that the swindlers had them in go-between with the Cuban government. The RCMP may formally request Cuba to allow the two men to come to Canada to testify when Fessler goes on trial. Cuban authorities presumably know that once they are in the country, under Canadian law the men will be free to testify as well as they please—and they will even be free to leave. But although in Havana the two men face charges of fraud with intent to defraud the economy of the state, which carry a 20-year sentence for imprisonment and the death penalty for nationals, the Cubans, still seething from the humiliation of being tricked, seem to be more than willing to leave the job to the RCMP.

Amelia Fessler

Vancouver

Out of the socks and into the stocks

Clanking his wounds after a disastrous January, Conservative Leader Joe Clark last week sought Tory allies in the West. Seeking willing jockeys alarmingly similar to John Diefenbaker's, Clark told 1,100 supporters at a gleaming \$20-a-plate fund-raising dinner in Vancouver that a Conservative government would eliminate the capital gains tax on profits generated by the sale of publicly traded stocks in Canada's non-prime. Warning that Conservatives have a tendency to put money into savings accounts and insurance policies rather than shares, Clark raved: "I want to get that money out of Canadian socks and into Canadian stocks."

The announcement was greeted with table-clapping enthusiasm by the Tory faithful, a basic endorsement was flattered by the prospect the Conservatives will bring their already impressive total of seats in British Columbia (53 compared to eight Liberals and two New Democrats) in the next election. Under refs



An edict from the sovereign state of Exxon

For Imperial Oil Ltd. of Toronto, Vancouver's Day One was like a swift kick in the groin. Television news reported Canada that Imperial was planning to divert 20,000 barrels of oil a day (roughly to fuel 1,000 homes for a whole year), exported from Venezuela for sale to other Canadian oil companies. Imperial's Rockwell-owned Exxon Corp. of New York, to make up shortages around the world (down from the loss of Yukon oil), the diversion which could have the effect of replacing shortages in the U.S. with shortages in Canada, did not act with Ottawa and Energy Minister Alastair Galbraith, who called the practice "unacceptable." A frantic Imperial President Jack Armstrong, self-described as the "man at the sandwich" between Ottawa and Exxon, spent the next day on the telephone trying to negotiate a compromise. Late in the day he called a press conference at Imperial's Toronto headquarters to announce he had succeeded in whittling down the daily diversion from 20,000 to 5,000 or 5,500 barrels. Armstrong said the deal was "perfect" with his efforts, but Galbraith speaking for himself said the disagreement between Imperial and Exxon was still unacceptable and demanded that Imperial begin buying oil directly from Venezuela instead of using Exxon as a middleman.

There the matter stood for weeks and a standoff between the Dominion of Canada and the sovereign state of Exxon. But Galbraith had some cards to play short of outright intervention of Imperial. He played his first—relating to 500,000 barrels of oil ship an additional 500,000 barrels of

Canadian oil to hand-picked customers in the U.S. Midwest—last week. But that move could bode badly because the 500,000 barrels are part of a swap that would see an equivalent amount shipped from the U.S. to Eastern Canada where the oil is needed. The deal found a Exxon deal not going in to reverse the American part. Canada, using government-owned Petro-Canada could purchase oil for its eastern provinces directly from Venezuela, which the Venezuelan government would prefer. Regardless of the details, the outcome, energy officials Ottawa said, is a win-win.

For months, Ottawa has been talking about the necessity of oil supplies in Eastern Canada and the need to replace them with natural gas from Alberta or with Petro-Canada purchased oil from Mexico. Until now, his warnings have fallen on deaf ears. But the current controversy over oil supplies in British Columbia largely ignored by the crisis in Iran, will provide him with an audience. And it highlights the same at the end of the week the government introduced a bill giving the power to relieve oil and gas, although Galbraith conceded that raising oil only a modest possibility.

Not to be overlooked in the political hotbed of the Ottawa-Exxon quarrel Exxon could be as disadvantaged a target for the Liberals in the upcoming federal election as Petro-Canada or Peter Lougheed. It is a thought that has not assuaged the Conservatives, probably some Tories still blame their defeat in the 1974 election not on their wage-price control platform but on their lack of a coherent energy policy. Such thoughts are shared by the Conservatives' Imperial. The Liberals' position by blaming their own attack on Exxon and desisting the government do something that they are on shaky ground on the issue in one of their previous pledges to cut off Petro-Canada from the government.

June 6/Barry Ian Ungers

Dave Fulton's wheels of justice

He said note took the edge of testifies when Progressive Conservative faithful staged their fund-raising dinner in Vancouver last week for Joe Clark—the impaired driving charge of B.C. Supreme Court Justice E. David Fulton. A former Tory public minister in the Diefenbaker cabinet and longtime leader of the B.C. provincial Conservative party, Fulton, 62, was charged that following police investigation of a hit-and-run accident five days before it was the trial of a two-accident involving Mr. Fulton who was later pulled over by police and had his driver's licence suspended for 24 hours as a result of the second collision. A radio station tape recording made on the scene has Fulton obviously firing a police officer, "It pos-

sible there charged against me I said I cannot be a judge any more." Later Fulton is heard telling the officer to "go to hell."



bottom going on a two-week mission. Fulton issued a formal apology to the officer for his "inappropriate language" and to the drivers of the vehicles involved.

The Fulton affair came in the wake of B.C. Chief Justice John Fenn's resignation after his name was allegedly found in a Vancouver twenty-four-hour bar and the leave of absence and alcoholism treatment ordered for Provincial Court Judge Frank Bendish after he attempted to pick up a teen-aged prostitute.

Interest in the case has inevitably been heightened by Fulton's distinguished career—he arrived in Ottawa in 1946 and served a 20-year reputation as a principled Red Tory who ran a secret fund for winning target political beliefs such as Michael Peled, then Minister and, notably, in 1967 a young socialist assistant from High River Alberta, called Joe Clark.

Fulton: "I cannot be a judge any more"

The boys in the band play on

Three young men sporting pink triangle pins on their neatly pressed leotards walked out of provincial court in Toronto last week and hugged and kissed many of the hundred or so friends and fans who waited for them. They thus gave an extra push for homosexual rights and added fuel to a growing controversy in what they call the "gay capital" of Canada. Gerald Hazen, Edward Jackson and Kenneth Popert, all in their early 30s, had just been acquitted of transmitting immoral, indecent or scurrilous material through the mails.

The charge related to an article which appeared in the December, 1977, issue of *The Body Politic*, a tabloid published by Pink Triangle Press, for homosexuals. Entitled "Men Loving Boys Loving Men," the story explored the sexual relationships among three adult males, one a primary-school teacher, and boys as young as seven. The promotion contended that the report advocated pedophilia—the sexual love of children—which is unlawful, and that therefore the article was immoral. Defence counsel Clifton Riley, well-known in the civil rights arena, argued the article simply presented a modern problem for further debate.

When the trial opened in January, the legal proceedings were quickly overshadowed by a series of events that touched off emotions hardly laid to rest following last year's Edmonton Judges trial at which three men were found guilty of homosexual murder of a 12-year-old child named Jay. In the middle of

the latest uproar was Toronto's new mayor, John Sewell.

Sewell, masterful in the view of a good many citizens, addressed a homogenous rally held during *The Body Politic* trial to raise money for the defence. Pointedly refraining from any comment on the article, the mayor unequivocally supported homosexual rights and, while many wouldn't dispute his intended message, must merit question, his timing and choice of location. Indeed, *The Globe and Mail*, which editorially supports Sewell, handed him the "ill-fitting award of 1979" City Hall received 1,000 calls the following day, most opposing the mayor's position and, finally, Sewell had to be put under police guard after a death threat.

Reverend Kenneth Campbell, an evangelical minister who testified for the Crown, held a counter rally in City Hall square, and about 700 people attended. Campbell had said at the trial "I was shocked by this article on behalf of parents across the nation."

Toronto's homosexual community maintained from the beginning that the prosecution of *The Body Politic* was an attack on gays' rights. Despite Judge Sydney Harris' proclamation that homosexuality was not the issue on trial, sympathetic spectators in the courtroom regarded the outcome as a turning point in "the gay crusade." And Kenneth Campbell says part of this crusade will be a demand for the abolition of age of consent laws. "I'm known," he said after the verdict, "as the Year of the Child. What about the anguish of the children who were molested by those men? That wasn't reported."

Wendy Day



Jackson, Hazen and Popert: a series of events that touched off a city's emotions



Clark: no listening with the taxpayers

(tribution, B.C. will have five additional seats after the next election for a total of 45. Every Member of the Liberal Conservative B.C. campaign chairman, is brashly predicting the Tories will win all of them. Could they indeed have for 18 to 30 seats with the Liberals dropping to four or fewer and the MLC getting the rest. With Ontario emerging as an increasingly tight race, the next election may only be decided as sleepy eastern TV viewers watch the B.C. results. Accordingly, Clark's trips to the West Coast are being treated dreadfully seriously and Saunders has also scheduled trips by former Conservative leader Robert Stanfield and former Toronto mayor David Crombie.

But Clark's speech in Vancouver was aimed beyond B.C. to the whole country. Elimination of the capital gains tax represents so much tinkering with the fiscal framework but a profound reversal of tax philosophy. The capital gains tax was first introduced in 1972 after a 10-year struggle that began with the appointment in 1962 of the Royal Commission on Tax Reform by the Diefenbaker government. The commission, headed by Toronto accountant Kenneth Carter, recommended sweeping reform of the tax system based on the philosophy that "a buck is a buck" and should be taxed accordingly, whether it is earned by a publisher in a steel mill or gained by speculation in the stock market. Investors waged a furious battle against the recommended reform but the government finally pushed it through in 1971 and it took effect the following year.

To support his position, Clark noted that investors, dealers and farmers invest in the stock market as well as millionaires and could benefit from elimination of the capital gains tax on their profits. But statistics from 1976, the most recent available, show that only 158,916 people, or barely two per cent of all taxpayers that year, reported capital gains or losses in their tax returns. And the vast bulk of the gains—more than two-thirds—were reported by people earning more than \$300,000 a year.

Thomas Hopkinson Ltd. Unghart

Islam's fires roar to life: 'A victory for the Prophet'

By Marco McDonald

It was "Edi-Milad-un-Nabi," the 1,000th anniversary of the Prophet Muhammad, and across three continents, the fire of Islam flared like angry bonfires.

In Iran, a white-banded guerrilla leaped onto a smoking barricade in Tehran and fuelled the first bonfire of the revolution with U.S. rifles tossed out to the seething mob, shouting, "You are the soldiers of Allah."

In Pakistan another soldier, General Muhammad Zia ul-Haq, stirred the diplomatic and press corps summoned to the hollow splendor of Islamabad's suspended National Assembly with the news that he was enacting the beginning of a return to strict Koranic law where "devils' hands would be lopped off and convicted adulterers stoned."

In Afghanistan last week, the hidden-armed body of American ambassador Adolph Dubois (see box on page 36) bore bloodied witness to the book-fires of Islamic ferocity that had burst out in a suicidal kidnap plot to win release of three imprisoned Shiite Muslims and undermine the pro-Soviet government.

In Chad, Muslims rebel under the banner of Prime Minister Hassan Habre against the capital in a fiery civil war that has already consumed three-quarters of the Christian-dominated central African republic.

In Turkey, a shaken Premier Bülent Ecevit took one glance at the fury of Iranian Shiites burning in his eastern flank and announced a two-month extension of the martial law invoked over Christmas, when three days of rioting and death erupted from the sparks of ancient Shiite-Sunni Muslim rivalry.

As the week wore on and the warring flames roared with such new headfins, the West was to be startled recognition that it was not only in Iran that Muhammad's fan soldiers were advancing as a rebirth of faith that promises to signal

the dawning of a new Islamic renaissance. "A victory for the Prophet," screamed London's *Daily Mail* in panted headlines. And a new book list by amateur historian Michael Hart named Muhammad the most influential man in history, ahead of Isaac Newton and Jesus Christ.

But for the 800 million Moslems around the globe—more than one-sixth of the world's population scattered from the jun-

Remain, from Spain to the Himalayas.

To others, it evoked a more sinister historical note. An Islamic armed wing of Marxist Pakistan stormed the American embassy in Tehran, a grisly and (subsequent) young Egyptian engineer shot a Pan Arabist sniper's snail and comparing the welcome to that unleashed by the legendary "Old Man of the Mountains" of 13th-century Persia. From his caves, the old man sent out a hybridized terrorist sect, an image of pure severity which owed their name and gave a new word to the vocabulary—*assassins*.

Whatever the reaction, Khomeini's torch has electrified the world's second largest faith which, for over six centuries, have dismissed a respected Egyptian architect re-emergence with postscript irony his first visit to the Islamic wing of New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art, where he said that his religion was rediscovered finished "Islam from the 13th century to the 18th century," he said the entrance arched "Now," he says, "they must see how religious that is." "Islam is certainly on the march," words noted French Shiites include Vincent Maselli, the author of more than 30 books on the faith to which he converted after 30 years as a diplomat in Muslim countries.

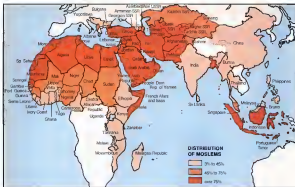
In the past two decades, as Christianity's flame has flickered under the trendy Western heresies of atheism and feminism, Islam has spread—where all is Asia and Africa. Its simple message—"submission to God's will," the literal meaning of the Arabic word *Islam*—has appealed to a largely uneducated people bewildered by the intellectual entanglements of the sacraments and the Trinity.

Over the past 30 years in Indonesia, where 150 million adherents make up the world's largest Muslim community, the number of mosques has doubled to 1,198. During that period, the Muslim population in America has quadrupled to an estimated two million, most of them blacks—including sports luminaries like Muham-



Mosque: 100,000 more Moslems a year are swelling out on the sacred pilgrimage

in the Philippines to the ghetto of Chicago—it was a moment of mixed emotion. To some, the clash that Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini had set to the tinderbox of Iran was a jolted catalyst—already unleashing a revival of faith which called to end the glorious chapters when the Prophet's armies claimed an empire which, at its height, was larger than that of Alexander the Great or the



naul Abu—who rejected Christianity as part of the backdrop of an enslaved and brutalizing history (see box on page 18). And statistics show that 100,000 more Moslems are visiting Mexico every year.

But perhaps the most ironic testimony to Islam's strength took shape last week in the *Forbes* to another reformer, as Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip sailed about on an 18-day Middle East goodwill tour that took them to its very cradle. The ruler of an empire which once conceded the better part of the Moslem world in the name of Christianity was making her own pilgrimage, her hats discreetly "veiled" with headscarves to not give offense to the pious that now rule and praise the all-wise hungry world.

It was apt acknowledgment of the fact that reform of Khameini's revolution—which, though it sprang from the stem sal of Islam, was nourished by an accumulation of better economic, social and political ill—was setting off convulsions which are reaching beyond the boundaries of religion and shaking the very foundations of the West itself. Already, with the *astashidha* view that Iran's oil will never again push to former heights, Qatar and Abu Dhabi in the Arab Emirates have hurried to raise their own prices. That, combined with the last OPEC increase and Saudi Arabia's apology over Jimmy Carter's far-weather foreign policy (see box), has prompted even the most conservative to predict an energy crisis by next winter.

As Iran tore up the Shah's capstone of billions of dollars worth of contracts for armaments, nuclear reactors and construction schemes, American military advisers were pouring into Turkey to smooth the way for \$300 million in joint military and economic aid which the shrewd Ankara government has been pleading for as the West's last line of defense against the booming paw of the Russian bear.

But is a secret briefing to some members of the Knesset which linked out to the press, a senior Israeli defense official vained the nervousness over that prospect that most other Western leaders were too afraid to put into words. Turkey, with its soft defense to the pious that now rule and praise the all-wise hungry world.

Temporarily arrested Qaddafi and Kuwaiti Minister Salim Sabah: ironic testimony



shattered economy and volatile Moslem population, he predicted, may be the next Islamic storm center of the Middle East. Indeed, it is not entirely without significance that the hero whom both the Shah of Iran and his father Reza Shah wanted to emulate was Mustafa Kemal Ataturk, the nationalist firebrand who forged the modern Turkish nation after the First World War by wrenching it out of the clutches of the ancient, corrupt Moslem sultan.

A tauter outflow of the fire and push-back, or veil, as symbols of the Moslem jube, unraveled the alphabet of the Koran for that of Jalusa Cecece and threw out Islam for European prurience. But 30 years later, there is

Carter's misfire down Mexico way

President Jimmy Carter refused from a Wednesday visit to Mexico last week having further ruffled the troubled waters he set out to smooth. His trip, forecast by Washington as an ultra-sensitive, economically important diplomatic mission was hindered with one prior forecast. Carter set the tone himself as soon as he arrived by telling his hosts in a banquet hall that he had taken to juggling and adding that he picked up the running suit on his last visit to Mexico when he contracted *Marasmus's* ravings.

First Lady Rosalynn Carter hid her face in her hands with embarrassment as the Mexicans glared at their guest. Little wonder that diplomats back at the White House wondered again if Carter had employed his rescuee brother Billy as a speech writer and despite the predictable public no-ho, evident was hinted that the private business talks between Carter and President José López Portillo did not go well either.

Indeed just before departing Carter was said to have privately chided the Mexican leader for advising the points of friction with the U.S. rather than in common commitment to resolve problems—and when that rhetorical task reached the Mexicans they were further enraged. It will be some weeks before it becomes clear if any real deals over natural gas, oil or the twenty million of illegal Mexican immigrants were made. But at this stage it seems doubtful if any of substance were achieved.

Portillo's words, too, were offensive at times reflecting the knowledge that it was Carter not he who had come before to force. Indeed the Mexican general may be asked to do quite a few good turns in the fairly near future—one of them to bring Minister Héctor Trotskoy. Talks are in progress about a visit to Canada possibly before the federal election and an ex-recipient's deal which would be a powerful boost to Trotsky's campaign. He would not be the only beneficiary, however. Such a deal would allow Portillo to signal the U.S. that it is not the only market for Mexican petroleum.

Something of that may have been in the Mexican leader's mind when he noted that despite the swirls of his meeting with Carter in Washington two years ago "We have yet to decide what we are willing to make of our relationship." Moslems often thought U.S. behavior haughty though they had noticed the sudden interest in Mexican or when human supplies had dried up.

growing suspicion that "his reforms only went skin-deep," says Moslem "Believing that the west understands it."

Now that festering faith is exploding in conflicting assertions of Moslem identity between the majority Sunni and minority Shia sects, the latter a local offshoot of Shiism. In December, in the confusion and market town of Maran, when 3,000 right-wing Sunni protesters tried to block a funeral procession for left-wing 800th martyrs, 150 people were dead before martial law was proclaimed, bringing the body count to more than 1,000 from 12 months of such confrontations. But the most striking chord may have been the

halleluiah cry based as Shias sacked the shrines of the poorer Shis who support Khomeini, saying "There is back Moslem Turkey and down with the heretics."

With an inflation rate of 60 per cent, 60-percent unemployment and a treasury that is all but officially bankrupt, there seems good reason to conclude that Turkey is ripe for the spread of Islamic fever. In the place of the Jewish revolution, however, more than one potential flash point is discernible, though each case differs according to the national grievances it feeds on.

In Iran, 54 per cent of the country's 12 million Moslems are Shis, ruled over by



Portillo (left) with Carter: the First Lady had her face with embarrassment

All of it was a week of rebuffs for U.S. diplomacy—with the effect on its embassy in Tehran and the impact of its ambassador in Afghanistan (see page 32). A second rebuffing blow was the swift collapse of Singapore Bankbar's government in Iran, which the White House had been busy glibly gleaning on the strength of what everyone but the state department and the CIA could have told it was some extremely inaccurate intelligence reports.

As a result, the president delivered his second rebuff in a recent rebuffing to the intelligence services and laid bare to make their reliance on electronic data looking and alert judging more stress on human intelligence. Information gathering by diplomats already laid a corner

which those efforts who asked not to be deceived. Over the course of the past 10 or 15 years there has been a gradual decline in the supremacy in human intelligence in the sense of good, crop, well thought out analysis. When officials were first weighing the future of electronic surveillance, a director was made first I was an important thing it was the correct thing and you really ought to get a lot of effort into it. An unanticipated consequence was a tendency to not really stressing the importance of making sure you had the people recruiting and looking for people and training people to do that sort of thing.

But it was not a matter that could be put right in a few months, he added, and that, from Afghanistan to Mexico, seemed just about to surmount the worst of events.

William Lashner

ony's sacrament needs of progress, liberation and the good life which has left the West empty—and promises to shape the most far-reaching consequences of Iran's Islamic revolution.

In the cosmopolitan firm of Cern, students have fought to win back socially suppressed classes and university education, and a new generation of Muslim women are donning the black berbera their mothers struggled to throw off, choosing to cloak their new intellectual freedom in the ancient fabric of orthodoxy.

"There is disillusionment with this so-called modern life," says Mantell. "During their independence movements, they were promised so many things and now they find they are still have-nots in a continuing colonial system." Partly repelled by materialism

and corruption, partly frustrated by the lack of political and economic opportunity, a growing number of young Muslims have looked into the eyes of much-vaunted modernity and found it hollow at the core. It is hardly surprising then, that they have turned back to the historical heartland of the mosque.

According to some Islamic scholars, the Kuran predicts that every century or so in the Muslim world there will be a reform movement to re-ignite the faith and they deem that movement has now arrived with the firm of a stark new fundamentalism. In November, 1977, a Cairo conference of Islam's mainstreamed men urged Muslim politicians everywhere to jettison their Western-based legal codes and return to the sharia, the criminal laws which forbid, among other things, alcohol, gambling,

public expression of affection between the sexes and changing interest by banks.

But the firm of Islamic fundamentalism are hardly new. In the 18th century, the puritanical reformer 'Abd al-Wahhab raged against the sensual and corrupt 1,000 nights' luxury which the ruling shahs were wallowing in and allied himself with the pious of the House of Saud to overthrow them. His Wahhabite sect, with its stark and lean vision of Islam, took hold in the desert isolation of what has now become known as Saudi Arabia, and now the oil billions which their descendants control have helped revive its message today.

But this rush back to rigid original principles is nothing if not ironic in a religion whose founder was considered a liberator and coordinator. He was from

all accounts a gentle, reasonable man, this Muhammad who became known simply as the Prophet—born in Mecca in 570.

Bereftened by a community of Jews and Christians, he did not force their conversion, but merely charged them tribute, an efficient persuader, and accepted the line of prophets from Abraham to Jesus into Islam, only purporting to be the last of them, the "Seal of Prophets."

As his armies surged forth in the centuries after his death to conquer Baghdad and Alexandria, it was natural that Islam should evolve a whole system for living which made no distinction between what should be rendered unto Caesar and what unto God—everything was for Allah. Indeed, it is one of the ultimate ironies that orthodox Muslims

today represent all that is anathema to the women's liberation movement, while in his day Muhammad created scandals by giving women the first marital and inheritance rights they had known. Over its nearly 1,000 years, Islam has stayed alive by its ability to evolve. Now, as the world looks for the direction this reformed faith will take, there is every possibility that it could represent steps—not ultimately backward—but toward a new and different ordering of priorities.

"Muslims are caught between modernism, which is many ways they like, and their lost identity which they passionately want to recover," says Mantell. "The future of Islam depends on the way both visions will be reconciled."

Poverty spawns a killer 'bug'

Assunta Crispo wrapped a black woollen shawl around her sturdy shoulders and gazed from a cranked window at the rain-soaked view below. Pointing to the periscope-strewn alleys that twist through a maze of drizzling tenements, she murmured: "That's what is killing our babies, the filth and poverty all around us."

Like other distraught mothers in the run-infested slums of Naples and its decrepit suburbs, Assunta Crispo, 38, is keeping her small children home in the hope of shielding them from a fast-spreading virus that has killed at least

THE EXPORT EDGE

CAE builds them in Canada

EDC finances their sales to foreign airlines

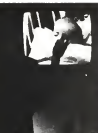
Pilots around the world train in them.

Canadian jobs depend on them.

EXPORTS MEAN JOBS

Export Development Corporation

A commercial enterprise owned by the Government of Canada that helps create jobs in Canada by financing and insuring Canadian exports.



Naples mother examining quarantined child in closed-care TV hospital in Brazil.

65 Neapolitan babies in the last year. But she knows the one-room apartment she shares with her unemployed husband and eight children also offers little refuge. Hysteria strikes the nearest stone walls, the stench of clogged sewers soars the air. The family has no heat, no running water. They share a toilet toilet with 30 neighbors.

A few days ago, Mrs. Catala's eight-month-old nephew, Renato, died from "neon meningitis," the "mystery disease." Now she keeps a nervous watch over her own children for the painful familiar symptoms. "Every time my kids cough I panic. That's how it began with Renato. Then he was vomiting and, suddenly, gasping for breath," she says. "By the time my brother brought him to the hospital, he was in a coma and he died just a few hours later. I hear he [the grief-stricken mother] crying all day," says Mrs. Catala.

Deaths was the sixth infant victim of the fast-acting virus from Brazil, a slum outside Naples at the foot of Mount Vesuvius. The other babies who have died came from similarly squalid neighborhoods, which is why the virus is known locally as "the poor people's bug."

The death rate is high among adult babies because malnutrition and unsanitary living conditions have weakened their bodily defenses," says Dr. Giulio Taren, head of virology at Naples' Cotegge Hospital. "Unfortunately, the city's slums are ideal breeding grounds." In fact, health problems are a constant plague in Naples, where nearly half the 1.2 million inhabitants live in overcrowded, substandard housing. In recent years the city has suffered a major cholera epidemic and periodic outbreaks of typhus and hepatitis. It has

the highest infant mortality rate of any European city—35 per 1,000 live births—and half the city's babies under a year old have respiratory distress.

The authorities nevertheless were slow to recognize the seriousness of the present epidemic. Only when the death toll took a precipitous jump earlier this month did the alarm go out. Since then the local Communist administration has tried to disinfect the worst-hit areas and to clean up the neglected piles of garbage and has established a 24-hour emergency pediatric service that medical experts insist that the only reason is acceptable housing and diet.

Hopes that visiting international experts might supply a new sweeping solution to the problem were shattered last week. Seven specialists chosen by the World Health Organization confirmed Taren's earlier diagnosis that the virus concerned was diagnosed by U.S. researchers.

Unfortunately, there is no cure yet for it. Not in there for the slums, despite a recent \$180-million government pledge to Naples for sanitation and housing reform. "We've heard these promises before, and nothing ever came of it," said Mr. Catala. "My family has lived here for three generations, and I know my great-grandchildren will still be here after I'm gone."

Theodore Lurie

Love games the college set plays

An American scientist tried to hit Cupid last week on Valentine's Day of God by looking at love as an anthropological problem on a global scale. It was a clinical analysis that sent chills through the romantic: it showed through the romance that it is a disease.

David Gussars, 34 and not surprisingly single, an anthropologist at the University of Washington, spent three years looking at the sexual rituals of a collection of slugs and among the coldest cups. The result he says in *The Psychobiological Journal* was the discovery that human seduction and courtship are parts of a process so inevitable that it can be categorized.

A colostrum animal usually starts with a gutting drive. The boy walks in and sits at the left-hand corner of the same table and the attention phase begins. He looks at the front of his body faces the girl, but not he heard. He looks at the table. Then off to the side before his gaze begins to sweep across her face. If the glance is returned, he looks at her hands and smiling as they adjust the routine line of his body. His stomach is sucked in, posture improves and the chest is expanded. Both begin stretching and they casually groom themselves hands

Mexico

The rebel cross gets a boost

As the 329 bishops and other delegates to the third general meeting of the Latin American episcopal conference left Puebla, Mexico, last week, they must have been pondering a perilous future for the Roman Catholic Church in Latin America. In their final document they had outlined a position for the church, which is bound to intensify its struggle with the continent's many worldly dictators.

The bishops, as had Pope John Paul II in opening their deliberations, stated clearly that the church does not intend to take "political positions." But their final document, which was to be ratified by the Vatican, while leaving intact the right to private property, stressed a more conscientious use of it and a major redistribution of wealth. In particular, the bishops condemned the appropriation of land from peasants and the starvation of the poor in the face of the continent. They also condemned the national security doctrine sponsored by most of the military states as justifying repression by "pretending to be the

defender of the church, the poor and the oppressed." The bishops also called for a "new style of politics" that would be based on the "solidarity of the people." They also called for a "new style of politics" that would be based on the "solidarity of the people." They also called for a "new style of politics" that would be based on the "solidarity of the people."

It is at that point rather than cut off the process by looking blank or refusing to return glances the two enter into the introduction phase. They talk to each other—what they say is not important. The nonverbal language continues. Voices become pitched higher than normal but softer.

Tension continues to build. They stretch. They yawn. They laugh loudly. But each time they laugh they look away. Their body reactions are in close harmony as if they are dancing to the same rhythm.

Also for Valentine's Day David Gussars. There is only one problem with this courtship ritual. As seen on it, it is a dead-end. That is apparently as often as it is a success. You can hit heads and ending as they adjust the routine line of his body. His stomach is sucked in, posture improves and the chest is expanded. Both begin stretching and they casually groom themselves occasionally.

William Leutner



Bishops in Puebla like meeting a red flag

defender of Western, Christian civilization."

That's equivalent to waving a red flag in front of the regimes which crushed liberal reform movements in the 1960s and early 1970s. Capitanism exists in the economic system everywhere in Central and South America except in Cuba. The ideological justification for the military state is the doctrine of national security. Critics of other is considered Communist-inspired subversion.

The bishops also came out stronger than ever in their defense of individual and collective human rights. They called for an end to arbitrary arrest, detention without trial, torture and murder and, in doing so, it seemed, were anticipating the trials to their own. In countries where even the generals receive the sacraments, the state won't condemn the church wholesale, but it does respond by striking at individuals. Figures revealed at Puebla indicated that between 1968 and 1978, 80 priests and 100 nuns were assassinated in Latin America. The name of Padre Detanilo Ortiz, killed by security forces in El Salvador a few days before the bishops' conference, can be added to that list.

Desiree Grundling

The U.S.

The trial is over, the case goes on

The trial is over, the case goes on. That was the verdict last week after three Cuban exiles were found guilty in connection with the 1976 assassination of former Chilean ambassador in Washington, Orlando Letelier. For one thing, two other Cuban exiles charged with the murder remain at large. But even more significantly, the U.S. government is now awaiting the decision of the Chilean supreme court on whether to extradite the former head of the notorious secret police

desires to stand trial in an American court for planning the killing. That decision could have serious repercussions for Chilean President August Pinochet—both at home and abroad.

Last week, however, the spotlight was on Guillermo Novo Sempol and Alonzo Diaz, who blew up Letelier and his assistant, Ronni Moffat, in a car, a third man, Ignacia Novo Sempol, who was convicted of lying to a grand jury, and the man most responsible for their convictions—Michael Vernet Towsley, the government's star witness. While the two killers face life sentences and the former Novo up to 12 years, Towsley will serve only 2½ years in jail as a reward for his co-operation.

It certainly was extensive in five days of testimony, the 36-year-old, American-born Novo, agent 166, in his matter-of-fact voice, of recounting the ferociously anti-Communist Cuban exiles, and even building and installing the bomb that killed Letelier—an outspoken critic of the right-wing military junta which had ousted Chile's democratically elected Communist President Salvador Allende. Towsley said he was sorry for killing Letelier's assistant, but not for the former ambassador's death. "He was a soldier, I was a soldier," he said.

During the trial, the American ambassador in Santiago, George W. Lundquist, said that Pinochet had, in fact, asked the Paraguayan government to supply false passports for Towsley and one of the Chilean secret agents. But it was Towsley's testimony that brought General Juan Manuel Contreras Sepúlveda, former head of DINA, into the conspiracy along with two other Chilean

Ambassador Letelier's wife and assassin Carlos. "He was a soldier, I was a soldier."



secret agents, and "Contra" agents—either in Washington or Santiago—could be held responsible for Letelier's death along with Pinochet, his former boss.

American prosecutor Eugene Propoy said he was "hopeful" the Chilean supreme court would decide to extradite Contreras and the two other exiles, though reports from Chile—where Towsley is eventually dismissed officially as a ruthless killer and a liar—say otherwise. But even if Pinochet is not linked more closely to the Letelier murder, the publicity over last week's trial and any future head movements are likely only to cut further the dwindling supply of private U.S. funds which help to keep up the Chilean government. So even if the "trial" does not tremble at last week's verdicts, as Letelier's widow publicly hoped, he may get a little more publicity at his desk. Catherine Fox



Eighteen months ago, it would have been hard to convince Toronto actress **Sarah Torjor** that her rising star would be brought down by anything including gravity. At 22, she won an *Image* best-actress nomination for her performance in the CBOT drama *Dryden* (by the *Streets* it hit aired Feb. 26) and although she didn't win (*Chaplin* *Jutta* took it for *Our Night Stand*), Torjor was positive her career had been "launched." Would thinking Apart from shooting a small role in *Van Helsing* (*Edward* *Heard*) movie *Summer Camp* last year, Torjor has been earning her pay by the tray these days, waitressing in a downtown restaurant. In fact, times are so tough that Torjor couldn't even win a part in a CMC play surprise from her father *Marley Torjor's* book *A Good Place to Come From*. "I auditioned for it," said Sarah, "but **Melanie Lynskey** (*Outrageous*) got the part."

50 "It's an anachronism," said Richard Adams, 36, author of *Watership Down*, a *Lord of the Rings* with rabbits. "The Canadian seal hunt is like sending little boys up chimneys, stuffing hampshires for ladies' hats and baiting hogs." As vice-president of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Adams adds his weekly two-pence worth last week to the debate over the annual hump seal hunt, which begins next month off the north coast of Newfoundland. Not since Brigitte Bardot jetted onto the ice to save with a baby seal have the animals had such a high profile. Adams led a North American tour in opposition to the hunt. Adams is contemplating a visit to the ice himself in order to write a novel about the seal's plight. "I'm not sentimental about animals and I don't anthropomorphize them except in my books," said Adams, who then confessed: "If I saw a rabbit eating plants in my garden, I wouldn't berate it as I do."

51 In his seasonal job as tight end for the Toronto Rough Riders of the CFL, **Tony Gabriel** gets paid for completing assignments, which means running patterns, catching footballs and serving touchdowns. But since November, Gabriel has been tackling assignments off the gridiron and, so far, he has put more than 30 points on the board for doing so. In fact, Gabriel has scored two touchdowns of 88 while taking the Canadian Securities Institute correspondence course which, if all goes according to game plan, will make him a registered stockbroker with Denison Securities Corp. Ltd. by April. Although he has



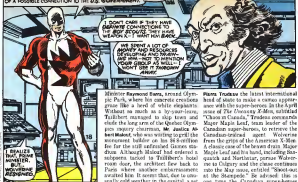
Actress Sarah Torjor on a short-lived quest?

three years remaining on his contract with Ottawa, 30-year-old Gabriel isn't quite so bullish on football anymore and is looking forward to retiring to the money zone. "If Ottawa had won the Grey Cup last year, I would have retired then," said Gabriel, winner of the CFL's 20TH outstanding player and outstanding Canadian awards. "I'm really looking forward to a career as a broker. Money's my game."



52 Somewhere along the line, actress **Kate Nelligan** got the idea that life was a niche waiting to be filled—by herself. As a child, growing up in London, Ontario, she wanted to be a tennis player. As a student at Toronto's York University, she contemplated an academic's life. "As a neighborhood weekly lecturer with simple black dresses and an interesting plot." And now that 27-year-old Nelligan is the toast of London's West End and recent winner of *The Evening Standard* award as Brit-

OF A POSSIBLE CONNECTION TO THE U.S. GOVERNMENT.

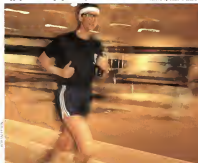


ain's leading actress for her performance in *David Mamet's* *Plunk*, she's ready to move again. Off the boards and onto the silver screen, Nelligan is now filming her first major motion picture role as Lucy Seward in *Devil's*, alongside Broadway's *Dracula*, *Frank Langella*, *Laurence Olivier* and *Donald Sutherland*. Following that she plans to take four weeks off and "do the rounds" in Hollywood. "If I want to work in films, that's the way to go," said Nelligan, in her studied British accent. "I'm no longer interested in spending 20 years in long dresses and becoming an English stage actress."

Minister Raymond Burr, around Olympic Park, where his concrete creations grace like a herd of white elephants. Without as much as a by-your-leave, Taubert managed to slip away and elude the long arm of the Quebec Olympics inquiry chairman, *Mr. Justice Albert Bouché*, who was willing to grill the accountant bullock on his \$6.8-million fee for the still unfinished Games stadium. Although Bouché had ordered a subpoena issued to Taubert's hotel room door, the architect flew back to Paris where another entrepreneur awaited him. It seems that, due to unusually cold weather in the capital, a set of bones in Taubert's Parc des Princes stadium had collapsed, crushing 30 unexpected seats below. Meanwhile, the temperature was -25°C and Mayor *Jean Desrosiers* was holding his breath.

Canadian President *Antoine* has been featured and U.S. President *Jimmy Carter* was last pictured with *The Hulk*. But *Harold Gerson* Group has been working north making *Prime Minister*.

Jogging Judo now language on the run



Plants. Trudeau the latest international head of state to make a cameo appearance with the super-heroes in the April issue of *The Osceola X-Men*, entitled "Chaos in Canada." Trudeau commands *Major Maple Leaf*, team leader of the Canadian super-heroes, to retrieve the Canadian-trained agent *Wolverine* from the grip of the *American X-Men*. A classic case of the beaver den. *Major Maple Leaf* and his band, including *Naquash* and *Northerner*, pursue *Wolverine* to Calgary and the chase continues into the May issue, entitled "Shoot-out at the Stampede." Be advised: this is one time the Canadian super-heroes don't get their span. *Wolverine* escapes to the States. "We could develop the Canadian super-heroes into a regular feature, if there's a great demand," said *Ant* Shooter, *Marvel's* editor-in-chief. "Agent knew that they'll just pop up occasionally to support our established heroes." So far, Shooter has attracted at least one interested government party, *Norm Cuthbert*, the minister of multiculturalism. "He was worried about it," admitted Shooter. "He asked for a copy to see what we'd done."

Edited by *June O'Hara*

Using the political plot of turning the mobsters into the mobsters, president of the treasury board *Judo* *Reichman* has found a way to make even juggling an enriching experience. *Reichman*, 49, runs 30 miles a week as an under Ottawa truck—there's 300 laps with one car plugged into a tie tape recorder. What is he listening to? French lessons. Apart from juggling to help fight the battle of the bulge, *Reichman* also feels he's winning the battle for bilingualism. "I'm told," he said wryly, "that, in French, I'm better speaking of the cat than from a cat—just like English."

Not wanting to wear out his welcome, French architect *Reichman* Taubert packed up his truck and made a quick exit from Montreal last week, hours after guiding his leader, *Prime*

Exploding the myth of hockey supremacy



By Hal Gurn

As the teams warmed up for the third and decisive game of the Challenge Cup the second weekend in February, the National Hockey League All-Stars blamed randomly beating goals at a goaltender who had just stepped onto the ice. Youngsters hung over the boards screaming for some little acknowledgment from their decedent heroes. At the other end of the rink, the red-sweatered Soviet National Team sprinted from blue line to goal line and the team's captain, flipped goals to alternate corners of the net as the goaltender gradually flexed and stretched. The white jerseys swarmed in, two against a defenseman, slugging passes that drifted into the corner boards, muzzing one shot in three against the goalie. The red sweaters, meanwhile, flew in a figure eight, first to their backhand, then to their fore-hand, dancing the goalie from left to right.

Helmut Baldner about Don Marcotte (left) and Larry Robinson: A question of speed

With New York's Madison Square Garden's ice glutting, thousands of partisans roaring and millions of fans around the world fixed to their television sets, the crumble of Canada's unofficial national sport was unveiled. Moments after the contest began, Bryan Trottier robbed his leather glove in the face of Alexander Shturbov. Larry McDonald was sent Helmut Baldner with the butt end of his stick and Don Marcotte slammed Valeri Vashlyev into the boards. When the final buzzer resoundingly sounded with the Soviets ahead 6-0, Ed Snider, owner of the NHL's Philadelphia Flyers, called it a monstrosity, "the worst disgrace in hockey history."

If ever there was a touchstone of national pride, a focal point of consistency that transcended language and distance among Canadians, it was hockey. Since the late 1890s, it has been called our own, an island of superiority unique, unchallengeable, undefeatable.

Arrogant reflexes had condescended to nudge and elbow their way past the weak-kneed, timid precursors of mid-century, to the status sanctified. But when the international crown was usurped by three outsiders, when our redlined idealists couldn't win it back, there was always the National Hockey League—creator of the true jewels of the sport. They were finally crowned in the third quarter of the century and defeated the Soviets only by forearm exertion and last-minute miracles. A weaker Soviet assault was turned back in 1976, but only just.

This time, this "Series of the Century," this three-game Challenge Cup of 1978 was to be different. This time the \$300,000-a-year prize were to be in peak physical condition at their mid-season, play on their ice of ice surface, with their fans and their officials in two games. And it was different. On Feb. 11, the touchstone exploded on foreign soil, the NHL myth disintegrated and the crown travelled 3,000 miles to the east, probably never to return.

The teams faced each other and the most genuine blow the NHL could muster and New York and the American media have ever ignored. For two periods of the first game, Canadian fanatics, hoarded over the last two decades, were given some substance. From then on, the reports evaporated in the Soviet swirl and the NHL and its fanatics were left with the truth. During the 180 minutes of play, the Soviets dominated for 140, outscored the host, 13-6 and held them senseless for the final 94 minutes and 54 seconds while scoring nine times.

All the elbows, high sticks, conchoco, boardings, punches, threats and body shots rang below as Soviet captain Boris Mikhailov laughed in their faces and the Soviets, as a team, displayed pure hockey skills demonstrated only by individuals in the history of North American hockey.

With eight months to prepare, the NHL announced the All-Stars to each other three days before Game 1. The league packaged the event with the hope of attracting a much-needed U.S. television contract and raising money for the players' association games for a fund they succeeded only in proving

that a team isn't formed in a week, that U.S. television isn't renewed and likely never will be and that international hockey makes money (\$3 million gross with more than \$1 million expenses). The humiliating defeat at the hands of the Soviets demonstrated that the entire project was ill-advised but, more important, that the NHL style of play is poverty-stricken, that the highly paid and more hero-worshipped stars of the league are light-years behind the Soviets in physical conditioning and that the fundamental skills of skating, puck handling and passing have eroded in the NHL just as they have been lost to even fewer in the Soviets.

Sgt. Hal of Panzer Jean Beliveau stood in the runway under Madison Square Garden as the shell-shocked NHL All-Stars solemnly trooped past. Beliveau shook his head "Astounding. The Soviets are in such terrific shape and are such beautiful skaters. You know, the greatest difference between the NHL now and my day is the mobility of the defencemen. Now their defencemen are much faster and more mobile than ours. They have shown us that hockey is a game of speed and we have never had a team as fast as theirs. We must regroup and

Captain Boris Mikhailov takes the Cup and (below) the All-Stars scrambling to reach the ice.



There's no place like Hilton in Hawaii...

Who'd have thought it to be true? Situated on more than 20 acres in Wailea, the Hilton Hawaiian Village is an ocean of activity and pleasure. On one side you face an expansive palm-lined beach and on the other, the gateway to fabulous Hawaii.

Turn your back to the sun and peddle an outigger canoe, surf, sail, dive beneath the white capped waves.

Or, can you do more than just relax? Enjoy the Village. Eight magnificent restaurants serving Polynesian, continental, and American food and eggs bars featuring a variety of entertainment as bright as the Hilton Rainbow.

There are over 100 shops and services throughout the Village. Wander through the exotic alleyways of the Rainbow Bazaar and shop for treasures of the Far East and South Pacific.

Hula and Hobe Cabs, lulus and sunset dinner sets, private lanes and personal service. Come and see for yourself why there's no place like Hilton in Hawaii.



HILTON HAWAIIAN VILLAGE

Call your local Hilton Reservation Service or your travel agent

spread here," Springer recalls. "To create an infrastructure for when I decide to go back into public service," explains Strong. Sixteen months later Strong had acquired 66 per cent (now 55 per cent) of Procor Inc. and, through a \$10-million loan, convertible to 40 per cent of its \$50-million, New York, equity agreement, amping three times Procor's size, whose most significant asset is one million acres of land in the U.S. and Mexico. The Procor sale was welcomed by disappointed shareholders at the time, Springer remembers, because Strong offered them a welcome way out of a stock that, bought at \$15, had seen 40 cents in 1975 and had times over since. Next to that, Strong's \$4.45 was sold on a stock for all.

Save one Mutual Shares Corp., a \$50-million New York investment fund, tried to cash in as Strong's moves and, disappointed when the stock price stayed under \$5, launched a civil harassment suit to try and force Strong to settle out of court for more money. A preliminary injunction against Strong has been thrown out of court and, says Mutual lawyer Bill Klein from his Park Avenue office, "the judge told me the civil suit had little prospect of success." But Klein is confident to sound off: Strong is conducting legal action against both him and a SEC which tried Klein's accusations one day last week.

That is, Maurice Strong resigned for other reasons, and only in part because efforts to unload the Basic Grade Corp., an entirely off-road estate subsidiary, fell through and with themselves demand more of his time. "I always said I would come in when the Liberal party was in trouble, not in good times," Strong admits, and Liberal fortunes are much improved from the messy days last autumn when Trudeau told Jim Coates and campaign strategist Keith Dewar convinced him to run. But why would Maurice Strong court his own defeat? Press him on it, and he begins the self-effacing dance of a very clever man to whom political principles are like an old hand. "It isn't that I like losing cases, but there have been central issues all through my life..."

Another try: "When I came to the Liberal party last August, it looked like I'd be in a election very quickly. Perhaps Maurice Strong, once prone to downplay his leadership claims, suddenly saw his good friend Pierre Trudeau not resigning, suddenly saw the extended vulnerability of lengthy candidacy. Thus, then, was a time to wait for Paul Martin Jr. to lose. For Strong, who now runs Canada Steamship Lines, explains: "Occasionally he is a little bit ahead of his time."

Joe Brown



Whether it's the thrust and parry of the NHL Soviet team showdown, the ebb and flow of events in television Iran... the pros and cons of an independent Quebec... or the ups and downs of a Middle East stalemate, Maclean's brings you the action and reaction of everything that happens in Canada and the world at large.

No other magazine, no publication of any kind, can match the issues and answers, the facts and figures, the in-depth reporting and uniquely Canadian viewpoint that you'll find in Maclean's every week.

Get in on the action... and save money too! Mail us the adjoining coupon right away! You'll react with pleasure to home delivery of Maclean's, Canada's Weekly Newsmagazine.

Subscribe and save
35 ISSUES FOR ONLY \$11.98

(Reg. at newsstand \$26.25, reg. by subscription \$13.13)

Act now! Mail the adjoining coupon today!
You'll react with pleasure to home delivery of Maclean's, Canada's Weekly Newsmagazine.

Maclean's

Box 1508 Post of Systems A, Toronto M5W 2B8

SAVINGS COUPON

- ☐ Please send me 35 issues of Maclean's for only \$11.98 (Reg. at newsstand \$26.25, reg. by subscription \$13.13)
- ☐ Please send me 60 issues of Maclean's for only \$19.95 (Reg. at newsstand \$45.00, reg. by subscription \$23.50)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Prov. _____

Postal Code _____

☐ Payment is enclosed ☐ Bill me later

Not valid in Canada

2248

The continent's turning on to Terrible Ted

The frozen North has many legends. One dangerous one: McGraw to Desmond L. L. But the Yukon has never seen anything like Terrible Ted Turner and his "super" TV station. The north-dog has just leapt.

Not that Terrible Ted—a nickname he picked up while shocking his bloods with his appalling manner—ever ventures into the territory. He is far too

conceivably the life, of North America's television industry.

The Yukon says perfectly illustrates developments which the Canadian government is wisely trying to control while, with a pleasing show of show-business, allowing license where common sense dictates.

In the Yukon, where there is not a lot to do after dark, home TV viewing takes

down ministry will not flower earth stations. They want to study and manage the satellite broadcasting system carefully. "If Ottawa allowed anyone to open an earth station with the potential of 30 or 40 cable TV channels, the nation would quite simply be flooded, even more than we are now, with the worst of U.S. pop culture," says an industry expert in Toronto.

But what can the bureaucrats do about an isolated instance like the Faro? It provides a much needed service to a remote region where Ottawa is trying to encourage settlement. A few months ago when the Faro idea was tried in Whitehorse, the government stepped in and made them close. But Faro is remote enough to be beyond that kind of law. And the government is turning a blind eye. "We're not doing anything smelly," says one of the ministers. "Otherwise I'll shoot it."

This spring, Ottawa is expected to rule on the use of satellites by cable TV companies and this could eventually lead to Canada's own brand of super stations which in turn will worry the domestic industry just as much as Turner's schemes concern America's three major networks—CBS, NBC, and ABC.

For although he does not—cannot—charge cable systems for picking up his programs, he keeps track of just who is using him. As of now, his Atlanta station is put out by cable systems in 45 states reaching nearly two million homes every night. He also operates the station 24 hours a day making it especially valuable to shift workers such as those in the Yukon. Turner makes his money from advertisers. He charges them a modified national rate, about 30 per cent lower than the networks.

The potential for undercutting and seriously damaging the networks is obvious. "We'll have to wait and see whether or not the super stations have any impact on network television," says Gene Matar, vice-president and assistant to the president of CBS Broadcast Group. "It's too soon to tell."

A multibillionaire sports entrepreneur, Turner owns the Atlanta Braves baseball team and the Hawks basketball team. He came to international fame himself by his first big break, sponsoring of the two racing yachts. Courageous, successfully defeating America's Cup in 1977.

It was after his broadcasting behavior among the Ben Jon Brahms of the elite yarding world that some people

begin referring to him as "the mouth of the South."

Turner told Maclean's "I think cable television is the way of the future. It's not going to put the networks or small local stations out of business. It's giving everybody a greater viewing choice."

When Turner first bought the Atlanta TV station nine years ago it was losing \$30,000 a month. Largely through satellite broadcasts he has increased his audience enormously and the station is now a potential gold mine.

Says Turner: "The networks and most news operations emphasize and emphasize the wireless. People get to thinking that there's no good left in this world. I'm trying to encourage people to be more cheerful."

If this sounds nothing at all like the "mouth of the South" then it may be because of his new motto. Says Turner: "I believe that he profits most who serves the best. As people go through life they change. I agree I'm reevaluating."

William Lawther



Turner after 77 America's Cup win, the Tyson, right, "Cable TV is the future"

busy playing Rhet Butler back in Atlanta, Georgia. But in brand of entertainment is all the rage 220 miles northeast of Whitehorse in the mining town of Faro, where the 1,600 souls are watching from the Canadian culture of CBC to tennis, old movies and sports of WOG.

It's hardly surprising that at the end of an eight-hour shift mining lead and zinc, when it's -48°C outside, the miners prefer *I Love Lucy* in the "Terrible" Symphony or a documentary on weaving. What is unusual, however, is that they have a choice.

Robert Edwards (Ted) Turner III, 40, owns and operates America's first "super" TV station, WTOG of Atlanta. He has at least two initiatives, one in Chicago, the other in San Francisco. But it's Ted, the lean, mean, handsome tycoon who is setting the pace that now threatens the structure and style, and

as a special importance. But only "CBC" is available. And here's what a special miner, reached by telephone in the bar of the Faro Hotel, thinks of that: "It's terrible. The sports and documentaries are okay, it's all the long-hair stuff we don't like. They're always showing programs of orchestras and stuff like that."

As a result, an entrepreneur with an eye to money back, has set up a "earth station" in Faro. With about \$150,000 worth of equipment you can tap the U.S. television satellites and pull down whatever programs are beamed out. And the main station on the west coast satellite is Ted Turner's head. He gives the service away free to anyone who wants to pick it up from the satellite and rebroadcast it via cable. The businessmen in Whitehorse make their profit by renting out the cable system to eager customers at \$15 a month—showing Ted's station from 4,500 miles south. In Canada, it's all strictly illegal, for the federal government's communica-



Hotel Toronto Toronto

One of the six great hotels of Canada.

Here your chance to reacquaint yourself with the delicacies of Trader.

Vics. Swim in a year-round pool. Work out at the health club. Shop. Or just relax in the absolute quiet of a clean, comfortable guest room. All in an ideal location on University Avenue one block from City Hall.

For reservations call our travel agency 502-365-8335. In Toronto call 268-4664.



WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTELS



OH NO.

1.5 1/4" = cm.

OH BOY.

metric conversion

Toshiba's new LC-838 Metric Conversion Calculator combines all the functions of a regular calculator with a special metric conversion button. You can instantly convert everyday measures to metrics. Or vice versa. Inches to centimeters. Imperial and U.S. gallons to liters. Kilometers to miles. Centigrade to Fahrenheit.

You have it all. Toshiba's LC-838. It converts 'Oh no' to 'Oh boy'.

TOSHIBA



Toshiba's Metric Conversion Calculator. One button solves all metric mysteries.

Watching for the hour when darkness falls

Three centuries old and well from the sun, the eclipse of the sun, but they are always there, enduring any hardship or expense to spend a few hundred months standing under the moon's shadow. The eclipse breaks last gathered in southern Australia in 1978. Before that, it was the "eclipse of the century" because it lasted seven minutes seen from the Sahara and Kenya in June, 1973. With almost religious fervor they converge on whatever location the celestial geometry dictates to witness what can properly be described as the most spectacular nondestructive event in nature, a total eclipse of the sun. This week, planeheads of addicts and devotees are heading to Manitoba for the next cosmic extravaganza, on Feb. 26.

"The time, instead of having to travel halfway around the world, the eclipse will be right over us," gleams veteran eclipse chaser Bill Peters, a professor at the Manitoba Planetarium. He is indeed a true devotee, since any given spot on earth is treated to the

phenomenon only once in 360 years, on average. There won't be another total solar eclipse visible from populated areas of Canada before 2044.

It all sounds simple enough. The earth, moon and sun are in perfect alignment, with the moon in the middle casting its 100-mile-wide shadow on the earth. But far there under the shadow, the sight is awesome if the sky is clear. For about an hour the sun will seem to be nibbled away as the black disk of the moon gradually passes in front. When only a sliver of sun remains, the sun's shadow looms on the horizon like an impossible storm on a cloudless day. Within moments the shadow retreats as the watchers in darkness, the higher stars and planets appear, and the sun's ring is replaced by a ghostly ring of pearly light—the sun's atmosphere, the corona. Because totality is seen from within a near-circular shadow, the horizon in every direction is bathed in a twilight glow.

Monday's eclipse will cast its giant shadow over some 250 million people in

Canada, the U.S. and parts of Mexico, turning day into total night for two states, 45 seconds in southern Manitoba and southeastern Saskatchewan—the ideal viewing locations. The total eclipse will begin around 10:43 a.m. local time in the two Prairie provinces. Tens of thousands of people across Canada will meet from 8:15 a.m. local time in Victoria to 1:35 p.m. in Halifax. For non-Manitobans who have paid anywhere from \$200 to \$2,000 in travel and accommodation for the privilege of seeing it, the total eclipse will only be a disappointment if it is obscured by clouds. "There is a persistent rumor that someone who has been duped out of \$100,000 is coming here," reports the planetarium's Peters. "We hope he watches from Montreal."

Joining those in Manitoba is a small band of astronomers intent on making serious scientific observations. American expeditions from Williams College, Cornell University and the University of Wisconsin are joining teams from the Universities of Calgary and Victoria at sites around Brandon, Manitoba. They will concentrate on the solar corona, scrutinizing it with a battery of sophisticated infrared and microwave receivers. "The advent of solar observation from spacecraft has made scientific study of eclipses a defining activity," says Brandon University astronomer Dr. John Rice, the Canadian co-ordinator of the eclipse. "There is nothing that can be learned at an eclipse that could not be seen better experiments are still much less expensive."

Apart from a few other such serious devotees, though, the event will be one that is simply enjoyed. It is, of course, also a once-in-a-lifetime chance for the children in the total eclipse zone. Says a Winnipeg science teacher: "I expect a high turnout rate."

Terrace Dickinson

Shaded zone gets total eclipse, rest only partial: a spectacle to just enjoy



Cities

Where the siesta spirit is no more

Unwittingly would surely cry into his wine if he could see it. No need to ask for when the bell tolls. It tells for the old Madrid where the wine was strong, the outsiders leave, and the siesta lasted forever. The Madrid where traffic was sparse and life had a small-town intimacy and you could live like a gnat on the change left over from Patis. He never held 10-day intervals in the Spanish capital today. Better that they should rock on to Crete at Marathon. Gone are most of the history-ringed cafés with their marble-topped tables around which some of Spain's best minds gathered for intellectual debate. Few old buildings have tumbled into dust. Las Ventas building is up for auction. Chrome and glass have replaced wrought-iron and carved stone. Modern Madrid is seized by disco fever, studied with hamburger joints, splintered by noise. The proud Gran Via—once a leisurely thoroughfare—in an inferno of buses and cars. Madrid has far better access than any would claim—for some, caught up with the 20th century.

Last week Madridites were wondering whether it was worth it. Following the recent surreal billings of three policemen, a judge and the military governor, they are used to the sight of gun-toting police patrols. They have become accustomed to suffering the extreme pollution of a city once proud of its Velasquez blue skies. They hardly but as avoid at political demonstrations over the wave of pornography that has rolled over cinema and nightclubs. But in the past few weeks they have suffered strikes by garbage collectors, newspaper printers, gas company employees, restaurant and hotel staff, hospital workers, automobile factory employees, metal and construction workers. For some the daily frustrations are becoming too much. Taxis are held over frequently when municipal tow trucks haul away illegally parked vehicles, averaging 300 a day. This has recently led to violent confrontations between drivers and tow truck workers, causing even more traffic chaos. So what candidate for mayor, Thome Galvan, a respected academic, notes gloomily: "Today Madrid is ruled by noise and contamination and the rats below."

The Bonaventure Montreal

One of the six great hotels of Canada.



The world's only rooftop garden hotel, 240 acres of landscaped gardens atop Place Bonaventure. Year-round indoor-outdoor pool. Dining in award-winning Le Capitaine. Dancing and entertainment at the Portage. The largest underground shopping concourse in North America.

For reservations call your local agent at 800-266-6313, in Toronto call 363-9666.

WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTELS



One man against the world.

Paul Newman

Bibi Andersson Fernando Rey

Quintet

Vittorio Gassman

Produced by Robert Altman

Starring Frank Barthelmé & Robert Altman... Patricia Resnick... Robert Altman, Ubaldo Chantre, Patricia Resnick... Tom Furlson... Toronto, Ontario

NOW IN RELEASE

Most of the city's problems spring from its dramatic growth, from only 800,000 inhabitants in 1940 to close to four million today. Poverty-stricken rural workers flocked to the city seeking employment. Thousands still exist in more than 40,000 shacks on the city's fringes, though most have found homes in scores of high-rise suburbs, many of which lack paved streets, parks and essential amenities. Last month residents of San Blas suburb marched in protest at the lack of medical facilities—the local clinic intended for 70,000 people has to serve 600,000. In the heart of Madrid the fine arenas of Castellón and General Franco are dominated by a jumble of lofty bank and insurance buildings. And a tower block destroys the vista toward the 200-year-old

vehicles. Today—despite gas prices of \$2.68 a gallon—more than one million vehicles circulate through Madrid streets. They are the principal cause of dangerous pollution levels—an estimated 30 tons of noxious chemicals fall on the city daily. Set in a plateau at 1,135 feet, Europe's highest capital is sheltered by mountains so that choking fumes can hang around for days. Still laws have been introduced to curb use of sulphur-heavy fuel oils and a special 100-strong "green patrol" checks vehicles for noisy engines and smoking exhausts.

Though prices have soared and ordinary safes now close at what Madrileños think is the ridiculously early hour of 1 a.m., Madrid's night life offers some of Europe's wildest entertainment. The

Medicine

Finally, music may say it best

The therapeutic effects of music have been known since the days when King Saul would call for David to play harp and help him out of one of his fits of melancholy. But it is only recently that music has begun to be used in hospitals to help ease both the physical and psychic pain of patients who are dying.

Susan Munro, a music therapist trained in London, England, was hired by the palliative care unit of the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal in September, 1977. She is the first and only music therapist in Canada who works with the dying. Her job was to operate as a member of a health care team to see if she could help terminally ill patients cope with all facets of their



Therapist Munro accompanies patient on bow harp; playing spoons, below. "People don't shut themselves off from music."



illness through the use of music. One older woman was admitted to the palliative care unit because she had cancer that had spread wide and there was no one at home to look after her. The nurses described her as "reserved, very English, quiet, knows her own mind, doesn't express her feelings very openly." Munro recognized that the woman had a need to communicate her feelings. She brought her into a quiet room and played a recording of Richard's *Der Tod und Das Mädchen*. And then she gave her some magazines and asked her to select photographs that seemed meaningful to her. The woman pointed to a picture of an old abandoned house. "This is the most significant one for me," she said. It was later learned that she had an unhappy family situation. She was estranged from her husband and her two children were in the process of divorcing. And here she was dying and alone. Through her musical experience with Munro she was eventually able to discuss her illness and her impending death.

"We use music as a prompter to help patients talk about intimate emotions," says Munro. "People don't shut themselves off from the influence music has on them. It can evoke sympathetic and positive feelings that can be of great help in coming to terms with death."

There is no structured music therapy program. Munro will simply try to reach the patient through music. She may sit down and play the flute. Or she may play a record of folk songs that relate to the patient's ethnic origins. Her approach is highly individualized. There are tapes and records available at all times, and Munro has purchased instruments which require little musical ability or background. The instruments, which include a string (an African drum), a kalimba (a wooden box with metal strips which are plucked) and a bow harp, allow the patients to improve spontaneously.

"Every event in our life is celebrated with music. Why should a person have to shut it out because he or she is dying?" says Munro. "Music is finally becoming aware that music can be very useful in cases where words fail."

Brenda Hicklin

Winnipeg Inn Winnipeg



One of the six great hotels of Canada.

We think business travellers deserve more than just a place to stay. So we've paid special attention to costume perfectly extra-stay guest rooms right downtown. Tilted towels. Year-round pool. Sauna. Good live entertainment at the Stage Door. Cusine, not just food, at the Velvet Cloves.

For reservations call your travel agent or 505-298-6353. In Toronto call 505-4604.

WESTERN
INTERNATIONAL
HOTELS



NATURE CANADA



Your window on the wildlife world

A colorful, readable magazine that puts you in touch with the world around you

Become a member of the Canadian Nature Federation and receive our quarterly publication, *Nature Canada*

For free brochure write:
Canadian Nature Federation
Suite 325, 75 Adelaide Street
Ottawa, Canada K1P 6G1

"Orbits of Muskoka", the National Museum of Canada's first gift catalogue. Five Canadian gifts offering time-honoured techniques to modern materials, traditional crafts from around the world. Shabro, Jakes, Ashken, Australian aboriginals, museum replicas of the superb work of the West Coast to Native Indians. Handicrafts revealing our shared humanity and common past.

For your catalogue mail coupon and \$2.00 to National Museum of Canada, Ottawa K1A 0M6

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Province _____
Postal Code _____
Cheque ☐ Money Order ☐

archery, the Puerta de Atocha built by King Carlos III who gave the city some of its oldest monuments. But since the coming of democracy the regulations which chiefly ignored regulations during General Franco's regime have been on the retreat. In a new mood of civic pride, pressure groups are trying to repair the damage and impose still planning regulations.

"Things have changed," asserted a member of a family which made millions out of the construction boom. "When I wanted to build a restaurant and the bylaws and the residents blocked it, I simply spoke to Pilar [Franco's sister]. She fixed it."

But for Madrid, which is burdened with a \$400-million debt, the greatest problem is the automobile. Less than 20 years ago all of Spain had only 400,000

Brownish Madrid in haze of pollution ruled by noise, congestion and rats

city has welcomed an alien, topleen bars and airports. Youngsters flock to disco featuring nude go-go dancers. Madrileños have a tremendous capacity for living coarsely which somehow overcomes the frustration surrounding them. Far from dying, the downtown area thrives with life. At 20 cents a trip, underground travel is still incredibly cheap. A greenbelt is proposed to profile the city. Neighborhood associations are campaigning for improved environment. Old Madrid is dead but modern Madrid is very much alive. Maybe Hennessey would not weep after all but merely call for another bottle of Hennessy. Strong wine and true, that still costs only about \$1.50.

David Reid

A New Exclusive Chatelaine Tour!

CHATELAINE'S HOLIDAY IN GREECE

Two All-Inclusive Tours

A. 16-Day Fly & Cruise Holiday

2 days in ATHENS • 5 day luxury cruise visiting 5 GREEK ISLANDS • 4 day tour of CLASSICAL GREECE • 5 days relaxation in beautiful CORFU

B. 16-Day Fly & Stay Holiday

(for those who prefer a land tour only)

2 days in ATHENS • 5 days on the islands of CRETE and RHODES • 4 day tour of CLASSICAL GREECE • 5 days relaxation in beautiful CORFU

Five Departure Dates in 1979

• May 11 • June 15 • July 13 • August 10 • September 14

Eleven Departure Cities Across Canada

• Vancouver • Edmonton • Calgary • Saskatoon • Regina • Winnipeg • Thunder Bay • Sault Ste. Marie • Toronto • Ottawa • Montreal

... and check these advantages —

- ☒ Chatelaine Guarantees the Canadian Dollar*
- ☒ Scheduled Airline Services
- ☒ All Taxes and Gratuities on Included Services

*Where you have paid in full for your Chatelaine Holiday in Greece, there will be no further charges resulting from reductions in the Canadian dollar.



Chatelaine's 16-Day Exclusive Holiday in Greece includes:

Included in Option A&B

The wonders of ATHENS, the Acropolis, Shopping, Sightseeing —

- Departure flights to Montreal from 11 cities across Canada and return
- Non-stop group fare Montreal/Athens/ Montreal by Olympic Airways
- 2 Nights at the Athens Chondria Hotel
- Air-conditioned motorcoach tour of ancient Athens
- Sightseeing by night including the Plaka area
- Time at leisure for shopping or browsing

Included in Option A only

Luxury 5-Day cruise of the glorious Aegean aboard the M.T.S. Oceanus, visiting 5 Greek islands and mainland Turkey

- Fully air-conditioned outside double staterooms with cozy lower beds and private facilities
- Sightseeing tours of the picturesque island of MYKONOS, the temple of Delos at EPIDAUROS, biblical PATMOS, RHODES the island of roses, CRETE with the ancient palace of Knossos, and SANTORINI (Santorini) called the lost continent of Atlantis
- All meals every day, swimming pool, deck chairs, entertainment

Included in Option B only

5 Days and 4 Nights on the historical islands of CRETE and RHODES for exploration at your leisure

- Return flight ATHENS/CRETE/RHODES/ATHENS including all transfers
- 2 nights at the Crete Chondria Hotel located on beautiful Malene beach
- 2 nights at the Grand Hotel As for Palace in RHODES located on the beach minutes from the ancient city
- All rooms with private bath and veranda overlooking the sea or enclosed gardens.

Complete Cost of Chatelaine Exclusive 16-Day Holiday in Greece.

Option A (including cruise)

\$1,869 to \$2,109*

Option B (excluding cruise)

\$1,797 to \$2,037*

*Per Person, double occupancy including all gratuities and taxes on included services and on taxes (excluding on point of departure and date

Included in Option A&B

The Classical history of ancient Greece —

- 3 nights at the Averoff Grand Hotel in Patmos
- Private air-conditioned motorcoach tour of classical Greece with visits to Corinth, Mycenae, Epidauros, Patmos, Delphi, and Olympia. Lunches included

Included in Option A&B

Beach, relaxation and fabulous scenery on the lovely island of CORFU —

- Return flight ATHENS/CORFU/ATHENS
- 5 nights at the beautiful Corfu Chondria Hotel
- Morning sightseeing tour of Corfu City with visits to the Achilleion Palace, Koniss, the Archaeological Museum and the colorful old quarters of the city
- All day sightseeing tour to scenic Sideri and Paleokastriza
- A visit to "The Village" in simple traditional food, wine, entertainment and local customs
- All transfers, portage, departure taxes, port taxes, and gratuities on included services
- The services of experienced Callidre & Boddy tour directors and local representatives
- Travel wallet, flight bag and full social schedule

and ALL BREAKFASTS AND DINNERS EVERY DAY.

FOR 8-PAGE COLOR BROCHURE INCLUDING ALL DETAILS, PRICES AND DAY-BY-DAY ITINERARY COMPLETE COUPON BELOW

Chatelaine's Holiday in Greece 1979

491 University Avenue, Toronto,

Ontario, M5S 1A7

Please send me the brochure giving full details of Chatelaine's 16-Day Holiday in Greece

Name _____	
Tel. No. _____	
Address _____	
City _____	
Prov. _____	Postal Code _____
Preferred date received _____	
Enclosing with me is: _____	
Travel arrangements made by Callidre & Boddy (Ref. 101)	

Hanging around, West Coast style

QUINTANA & FRIENDS
by John Gregory Dunne
Cancer men \$19.95

A few of the facts John Gregory Dunne, Irish Catholic background, Princeton-educated, *Time* reporter five years, as Easterner translated to the West Coast. Write about the grape pickers' strike (Delano), about a year in the life of Twentieth Century-Fox (The

Shed), about a phantasmagorical account of personal crisis (Voyage). More recently *True Confessions*, a novel about a murder case set against a backdrop of police corruption and Catholic hypocrisy. Married-to-a-journalist and fifth-generation Californian Joan Didion (*Play It As It Lays*), the last, an especially salient detail: it's hard to think of the Dunnes snugly and apart, and not only because they do, indeed, collaborate on screenplays—mainly based on books and/or the other his writing. Also because both share and help to define a particular West Coast



Dunne and his daughter Quintana: the Nick Charles of 'The Obsidian Writing'

sensibility, a sensibility that can be measured in prose of a crystalline exactitude. "Metastasis" is a favorite Dunne-Didion word, and such is a wary observer for the cancers—not to forget the arrest kamens—that infect social customs. The Dunnes are Nick and Nora Charles in *The Literature of North American malaise*.

"Hating to ask questions and never trusting the answers has defined the type of reporting I do," explains Dunne at the beginning of this selection of his essays. "What I do is hang around." These essays, pulled mainly from 15 years' work for such publications as *Saturday Evening Post*, *Esquire*, *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Los Angeles Times*, *Roll*, *Revue*, do considerably more. He and Didion were both in the vanguard of the "new journalism," a phenomenon reintroducing the first person into reportage in a big way, literally on the wall left, deftly twirling of its own, the work became interesting inasmuch as it reflected this observer-participant tension.

In general, the pieces here stand up well, the Vietnam series being notably affecting. And nowhere is one going to find as perceptive, mordantly funny reporting as movie community visitations as in "Rush" (about the drunken preview *For* held for the disastrous *Dr. Zhivago*) or "Travel," some gonk out on the last mis-ec-seine. "He said to be a writer," the agent said of his client, the producer. "Now he's a monster."

When combative, though, Dunne can get somewhat missing in his brandishes against "Realists" (Kurt, *The New Yorker* story critic) and a personal eastern neoconservative, he adopts belly tactics and straw-man arguments. It's as if he were taking pleasure in claiming to criticize that glorious metaphor, the West Coast, where he happens to reside, where, in fact, we all reside, in some corner of our imagination.

John Lownbrough

The Flintstones visit Quebec

THE UNDERDOGS
by William Weintraub
(McClelland & Stewart \$19.95)

While career of William Weintraub's *U May Rock the Boss!*—from plumes and suit (1981) to cheerful big film (1974)—proves you can make silk come out of a sow's ear, if only you wait long enough. Then, and there, won't help this new book, an extended satire of recent events in Quebec.

The premise of *The Underdogs* is patently intriguing. Imagine a Republic of Quebec in 1989. Assume an oppressed English minority eager to kick out an independent Anglicized from Montreal and the Eastern Townships. Devise a tongue-in-cheek parody and a love story to counterpoint it. Then let the insights play. It doesn't work. Weintraub's fictional political imagination isn't adequate to the position of his scheme. The revolution—plot—is overhauled, predictable, the characters have all the psychological resonance of wet cardboard.

That knows the details. Weintraub is clever, and he has worked hard to assemble the pieces of his joke. But it all seems labored, flat, even when it's mildly amusing. Surface irritates lead nowhere; passions generate no meanings. This is satire in the manner of *The Philadelphians*, not *Gulliver's Travels*.

Weintraub's attitude toward French Canada seems superficially witty with rancor. This, of course, need not have weakened the book, there's no rule that demands a satirist reveal his anger, though the pen has instinctively been more potent when wielded as a scalpel rather than a bludgeon. But Weintraub is unable to find a productive tone, a proper voice, for his prejudices and held consistently to it. He might have been well advised to wedge his tongue into a corner of his cheek and keep it there.

Would *The Underdogs* have seemed funnier, sharper, less stale, if it had

come a few years ago—before November, 1976, before October, 1977? Perhaps, though readers who are willing to treat a complicated problem as reflexively will likely find the book satisfying enough now. But they should have a look at the *Station of Qualitiveness* written like Carrier, Bessie, Bessie (mostly all of it translated) to see how levels of satire and fable in the novel can work from points of view explicitly not always separatist—in genuine, real ideas, real laughter and tears over Canada's precarious national fate.

Douglas Hill



This Winter give Summer a second chance.

JAL Orient Tours.

Let us take you away from the snows of Winter.

And show you the Summer sun of South East Asia.

JAL Tours of the Orient offer a selection of exotic destinations, with exciting excursions.

You may ride the "Bullet Train" from the bustle of Tokyo, to the beauty of Kyoto. Or pass the time in a paddle-powered rowboat in Mexico.

And whenever your tour takes you, you can be assured of the best hotels, tour guides and restaurants.

Please tell me more about JAL Tours to The Green.

Name
Address
City Prov. Postal Code
Tel. No. JAL Travel Agent



Winter travel is important! Ask yours: JAL AIR LINES
111 Richmond Street West
Toronto, Ontario, M5H 2G4

Smooth and friendly Morgan White

Pure, clear Morgan White. A great companion to any meal. Soft and smooth over ice. Make friends soon.

Distributed and quality guaranteed by Seagram



The life of princes, the actions of people

The British are themselves again, asking for more in all departments. Proof of their recovery in their glance about the London stage. While starting startled, they cling for consolation to passivity of the world's latest theatre. Now that South Sea and Arab petrodollars are flowing in, they have resumed their traditional, undogmatic conviction that the best is only their due, and none too good. "A poor year theatrically," they complain, of 12 months that have brought them new plays by Tom Stoppard, Harold Pinter and Edward Bond, as well as Peter Brook's first major Shakespearean production in eight years. Pinter, art that such a crop looks golden to a visitor and they become even more strongly gloomy. Possibly, their rights supply, but it is good enough for them. It is the best of Stoppard, Pinter, Bond and Brook.

Bond's of Stoppard's new play *Night and Day* were taken away. When learned the critics (forgetting how they deplored their lack of substance at the time), were the extravagant fantasy and intellectual high jinks of *Travesties* and *Shogakukan* and *Goldstraw*. *Defog* (Several weeks ago, *Night and Day* was the *Shogakukan* standard award, Britain's most prestigious, for best play) in their play is a straightforward debut, still witty but deadly serious and set in an imaginary, anti-urban Africa country, on freedom of the press. "For all that," cries the heroine, played with raver-cooled intelligence by Diana Rigg. "It's the newspaper

press I can't stand." For once, Stoppard, who likes saying he writes plays so that he can disagree with himself in public, takes a side. Freedom to be awful, the play argues, is inseparable from freedom to be good. Junk journalism, with its lies, trash and trivia, is the price a free society pays for truth. A contrived production, which tries to encapsulate the debate with adventure melodrama, can't conceal the emergence of a new, political Stoppard, who selected as the best book he read last year in a Sunday paper roundup, Solzhenitsyn's *Under Arrest* (p. 100).

Pinter's new play *Retaliation* has already been faintly damned for its straightforwardness. "Pinter for people who don't like Pinter," scoff the critics, lamenting the absence of Pinter's characteristic "hauntingness" and ambiguity. Briefly and sparsely (it runs about 90 minutes), *Retaliation* traces the course of an adultery backwashed in time, from its bored-wait aftermath to its tiny first kiss 10 years earlier. There's little elegance, poetry and humor. Pinter's preoccupations, more so than in *Mr. Man's Land*, seem to be a single, how much distance he can put between his lovers and still keep them related. His figures, Jerry and Emma, say little to each other. What little they do say conveys their feelings from each other almost as much as what they say to Robert, Emma's husband, is intended to reveal their feelings how. And yet in their structure, harmless money-fuel and remarks on the weather set off re-

verberations. Every word betrays a love or someone—love or its passing, leaving, spurning or friend. With a first rate cast (Michael Gambon, Penelope Wilton, Daniel Massey) charging the space between the words with guilt and loss, the skeletal text ends by seeming Pinter's richest, most masterly play so far.

Read a new play *The Women*, bought by Stratford, Ontario, for its North American premiere this summer, is his next ambition since he rewarded Shakespeare's tragedy into a myth for modern times in *Lean*. This time he takes on the greatest myth of all, the Trojan War, and rewrites it with startling effect from the point of view of its women. Hecuba, wife of the Greek general, gives herself up as hostage to Troy's widowed queen Hecuba in an attempt to force her husband to call off his army. Instead he sacks the city and bricks up the voice of her intolerable protest in its ruined walls. There's a less striking coda in which Bond sketches a juster society for comfort and trust to grapple, not wholly successfully, with the problem of how it should deal with enemies. But it's a work of considerable power, written on a platform far other being playwrights' insides. Some of its power is lost in the theatrically contrived Olivier address of the new National Theatre, but it clearly contains two of the finest roles for women in the modern repertoire, well played by Susan Fleetwood and Frances Blythman. (It will be interesting to see how much it gains from Stratford's stronger stage and casting.)

The new National's scale pushes its work in the direction of Soviet internationalism. So latest production, a revival of John Galsworthy's *Endgame* (a house drama, 1916), becomes a massive social-realist spectacle directed by a giant, belching template work. By contrast, the National's revival, the Royal Shakespeare Company, seems



Bryan Cranston and Paul Freeman in Bond's *The Women* (above) and Rigg in Stoppard's *Night and Day*. The British are themselves again.

to be working toward a more human scale for its production, of which Peter Brook's new *Antony and Cleopatra* is the most controversial. Scaled-down and intimate, staged in a minimal ring of freestanding screens, Shakespeare's royal tragedy is given the same theatrical treatment Brook gave *A Midsummer Night's Dream* eight years ago. Royalty is no longer a matter of crowns, robes and spectacle. Like the eugenicists the *Dravids*, it is translated into actors' skills. Nervous command in the case of Glenda Jackson's crept-haired

Cleopatra, self-confident, informal ease in the isolated, golden Antony of Alan Howard. The result is like a rescaled Old Master painting: The rich dark sheen of centuries of varnish gives way to daylight, a startling new wealth of gesture, realistic detail and fresh color. Sold on the legendary lovers have appeared less legendary more alive. Before stabbing himself, Howard's Antony runs a finger, wincing, down his sword blade. When Jackson's Cleopatra takes the apex to her breast, you see

them, they and wringing, in her hand. You may miss the old, glamorous base and bloom round their figures, but never before has each line of the play come to as sharp-edged a life.

It's easy for the British to take their stage for granted. They have had robust national responses for nearly two decades. From this side of the Atlantic, the harvest they sown seems a golden return on the money they have spent on seed.

Ronald Dryden



Diana unriggerd

A lady might go to bed with a chap once, but twice? A lady might think she's been broken for a last.

observes the delectable Diana Rigg, stars Ruth Carson, heroine of Tom Stoppard's *Night and Day*, voiced best play of 1973 by London theatre critics. Rigg plays the shrewing wife of a mining official in the shire-born African state of Kambura, whose house is also run as a bar by a pair of real reporters covering an attempted coup for the same London newspaper.

A wilderness, the first, one-woman, first, subject news has learned to look toward, she sees new. Remember a husband in her life when she didn't want to act. "Ad-

ding speaking being made, made me feel the way I wanted to live. And the way to conduct a life around loving was to go on stage." Her latest is marked only by her lessons.

Her childhood was passed in Jodhpur, where her father was an engineer in the Indian civil service. Sent home at an early age (to boarding school in England, she acquired an aggressive self-sufficiency that helped her make a virtue of her chief drawback at the outset of her career—her height). "I learned that I would have to be a working lady or nothing," she says. A working lady she became. Five years in classical repertory established her as one of the leading lights of the Royal Shakespeare Company at Stratford upon Avon when television buckoned in the form of

The *Anglo-Indians*, too. Her first, the very upper-class supper, chased him head to toe in black velvet, she suddenly found herself an international call figure, clipped in the public consciousness as "The Thinking man's favorite sex symbol."

The stage returns on strong as ever, struck in 1973 by her appearance in *Antony and Cleopatra* which introduced the first love scene to be played in the nude in any serious play on the West End, and later on Broadway. Paid she rose. Paid she did. This was closely followed by Stoppard's *Travesties*, in which she played Doris, the sexual comedy she married to a proponent of moral philosophy, anger, dancing and finally angry posing. "I was no point in being defensive about work," she murmurs gently. "I think it's

rather good to have it, that it people can talk to me as a sex symbol then they I have enormous problems confronted with me.

Now just a few months paid her 42th birthday, who still his presence at about same. How do you define a star? She supplies a quick answer. "Somebody who people will pay to come and see. Do being young." Years ago Peter Brook, the British Swiggle behind the Royal Shakespeare Company in the 1960s, remarked of her: "She is like a mature woman looking up a part so that it comes through her—what the French call a theatre artist, with the best in her veins. Left to another of Mrs. Puff's peers, Sir Laurence Olivier, she is a brilliant and delicious actress. Endless. Rather good to have it." Kevin Byrne

Bigger is just not better

Like those other misadventures of spring, *Roots II*, *Roots III* and *Roots IV*, *Roots II* was inevitable. The prospect, to be televised on ABC in two-hour segments throughout the week of Feb. 18, carries the Haley family into the 19th century. *Roots*

helped ABC America's top TV network, genealogical research its most fashionable pastime game. The guiding principle of *Roots: The Next Generation* appears to be the gotten and a doing of much American enterprise. "Let's do it again, only bigger."

Roots cost approximately \$5 million to make, *Roots II*, nearly three times that amount. A few extra dollars to erect the entire village of Henning, Tennessee, the Haley clan's home town, plus pay the salaries of the likes of Henry Fonda, Olivia DeHavilland, Diana Carroll, James Earl Jones and



Henry Fonda plays Rockwell, James Earl Jones plays Henry. The blacks against the whites.

Baron Brando (who does a 16-minute cameo as American Nazi leader George Lincoln Rockwell). *Roots II* wears its ancestry like a crown, a victim of its ambition to surpass the emotional impact of its predecessor. Having secured the national conscience two years ago with the enslavement of Kunta Kinte, the producers obviously decided they could make an even greater impact if they taught their moral lessons more explicitly—black and white characters are turned to racial stereotypes. The blacks are good, patient and long-suffering. The whites are oppressive racists, with one exception—Jim Warner, son of Henning's most prestigious family, who marries a black schoolteacher. Warned by drugs or medicine, he's played by Richard Thomas. John Boy Walton himself, who is so typical as television's leading Goody-Two-Shoes that his character's attempt at racial harmony seems Goody-Three-Shoes. Henry Fonda plays Warner's father in the manner of Colonel Blundell without the chicken and the rest of the white characters must have graduated from Billy Carter's crash course on the redneck test.

After a celebrity-studded premiere at Washington's Kennedy Center, Alex Haley, living off the bank, repeatedly uttered a less than flattering comparison of *Roots* and *Roots II*. "The first one was more moving for its sheer rock-sock emotion. This one is more controlled." Haley was either controlled himself. *Roots II* ends up promising to tell the story of black America in general and the Haley family in particular. What worked in the first is done to death in the second. In a reprise of the marriage scene in which Kunta Kinte holds his newborn daughter up to the moon, so many provisions of Haley's bank, by now, been exposed to the elements that the exercise becomes one of, well, overexposure.

Roots: The Next Generation is neither good education nor good entertainment. It is a heavy-handed version of a medieval morality play, but the only moral to be drawn is as clichéd as the production itself. Bigger is not always better.

Rita Christopfer

EXHILARATING



Express your individuality with 1979 Chrysler Cordoba.

You being behind the wheel of this personal luxury car. Success looks good on you. And 1979 Chrysler Cordoba is a more beautiful way than ever of telling the world of your success.

Inside Cordoba there's opulence to pamper you. Even the option of real leather hides. A 5.2-litre performance engine powers this big, bold car. And

Chrysler's new Electronic Spark Control system helps make that engine fuel efficient.

Outside Cordoba, your individuality is expressed by dramatically sculptured detail. And your personal choice of racy new two-tone paint treatments.

Drive Chrysler Cordoba for 1979. The experience is exhilarating.




CHRYSLER
OF NORTH AMERICA
New York
Newport
Lithium
Cordoba

Mail Order

This symbol assures you there is order in the mail order business

When you see it printed on advertising mail or in mail order ads in publications you know that it is from someone you can trust. So what you shop by mail, you know you'll receive exactly what you ordered.

The symbol shows that the seller is a member of the Canadian Direct Mail/Marketing Association. We insist that members abide by a tough 14-point code of ethics and follow the highest standards of practice or they get kicked out.

Our members work for publishers, mail order catalogues, book clubs, food stores, department stores, financial institutions, insurance firms, schools, government, etc. They represent about 85% of the direct marketing industry.

But we know that there are some mail order people who don't always treat customers properly. That's why the CDM/MA has set up a Task Force to investigate customer complaints.

If you've had poor treatment from a mail

order seller after trying to resolve the problem with the seller, write us about your experience. Give us as much information as possible. We'll cut out after them for you, member or non-member and we will do our best to resolve the problem for you.

Or write us if you want your name taken off (or added on to) the mailing lists of our members, we call our Mail Preference Service. It is listed in omnibus lists 1976. The steps to drop a 324 people wanted off and 1,440 wanted on.

Write us, too, if you'd like a free copy of our highly informative brochure "Direct Mail and You." It discusses some controversial points about advertising mail. In addition, the CDM/MA offers a free brochure about our comprehensive home study course in direct marketing written by the top experts in the field. For copies, write to: Frank Fergusson, General Manager, CDM/MA, 130 Marlon Street, Toronto, Ontario M4S 1A4.

Mail your order today!



Canadian
Direct Mail/Marketing
Association

A mystic's true, tall tale

THE ENIGMA OF KASPAR HAUSER

Directed by Werner Herzog

Werner Herzog makes movies the way mystics tell tall tales. They unfold like fire burned from a loom. They have the most beautiful beginnings and agonizing endings. They are exotic, slow and stately, strangely aware



Bruno as Kaspar Hauser: strangely comical, with a subtly undercurrent

and, above all, serene. In the superb *Asylum* of Kaspar Hauser, a dirty, primitive creature is a cellar is seething and growling like a pig. So begins an incredible story.

The story is true. In 1808 in Nuremberg a boy was found in the village square—a "wild child" who could barely walk, eat or talk. His origins were, and still are, unknown. After being somewhat assimilated into society, he was murdered so mysteriously as he appeared. To play this little role Herzog found a sometime actor, Bruno S., who had spent most of his life in mental institutions and whose incarcerated life is in every clear conjunction with Kaspar Hauser's.

From the moment the townspeople stare dumbstruck from their windows at the findling, *Kaspar Hauser* becomes a painfully funny social comedy, later switching to a comedy of terrors. A comical figure himself, with rolling eyes and shaggy aspect, Kaspar turns the townspeople into fools. They don't know quite how to respond to him; he's not exactly mad and he's not a criminal. They look him up anyway. He's confused and they're equally confused. The movie recovers everything about him. The villagers posit all kinds of theories as to his origin. A drain on the civic purse, he's sentenced to an itinerant tatty circus to earn his keep.

Two years later, having progressed prodigiously under the tutelage of an old man, Danner (Walter Ladengast), Kaspar realizes that it might have been preferable to stay inside his cellar, the outside world unforgivingly imposes an order on his experience which his laid and open mind can't accept. Having learned to live music and writing, he's taken as a protégé of an English queen, neither royal nor female, but Kaspar can't cope with society, much less society. A professor of logic posits him a riddle, Kaspar figures it out, the professor is revealed that he has done it without following the laws of logic. "Understanding is no good, the reasoning is all!" True vicissitudes understood, the nature can only record reasoning.

The real enigma of Kaspar Hauser is, of course, the middle of being alive, imprisoned in a gutter of behavior. His dreams (people ascending a foggy mountain to meet Death, a caravan in the desert led by a blind Barber) have beginnings, no endings. They are, of course, often obscure; they are, of course, evocative and powerful. The same can be said for Herzog's films. When an autopsy reveals that Kaspar's brain was slightly malformed, the nature is realistic. An explanation has been found. But Herzog's stirring and painful movie rarely and sadly acknowledges the origins of a race that chooses to record and record, just understanding. **Lawrence O'Toole**



Arrival of armies of the night

THE WARRIORS

Directed by Walter Hill

From the five boroughs of New York if they have come—youth gangs of every size and shape, of every ethnic and ethnic persuasion. Gangs of blacks, of Puerto Ricans, of Latinos and Chinese. Gangs in parka hats, or with shaved heads, or as roller skates. Gangs dressed as ninjas or baseball players. Gangs wearing the Texas Jack t-shirt short shorts. These all own the city they have come to the Bronx's huge Pelham Bay Park, called by the one man they all admire: Cyrus (Roger Hill), warlord of the Gruesome Riffs. They have come to enter into a truce and a compact—a plan for the gang members of New York to take over the city, "one borough at a time."

The convulse turns into chaos when Cyrus the Great is shot dead by the evil Luther (David Patrick Kelly), head of the Ruggies—and Luther blames the shooting on the Warriors, a gang from Coney Island. The Warriors must spend the rest of this long night traveling by subway and on foot, from the northernmost point in New York to the southernmost, with every gang member in the city on their tail.

Luther Walter Hill's previous urban thriller *The Driver*, which fell on its face, falls in North America but is clearing up in Europe. *The Warriors* is a vision of the city after dark—when all the decent people have gone home, and the glimmering asphalt is left to the armies of the night. Is neither film do you see many "revlans"—only the sleek, sinister cipher-faces of the underworld. The city becomes an inverted Disneyland, a nightmare amusement park where the amusements are deadly and the roller coaster is a subway car packed with broods and frenzies. In this eerie nightmare, you grab any identifi-

New York gang limited Disneyland

cation figure you can find in The Driver, the primary men played by Ryan O'Neal, in *The Warriors*, the gang members on the lam. All the young Warriors (led by Michael Beck) look perfect, steady yet soulful, with a moral code that demands that they try to do as little harm as they can to their friends.

The Warriors is a good movie, with a weird, outer-space look and a quick, cartoon tempo, and enough jobs to keep any self-respecting audience happy. But there's a better movie suggested by this film's first 30 minutes: a war movie in which the opposing forces are 60,000 gang members and 30,000 cops, with seven million innocent victims running for cover. **Richard Corliss**

Taking your fun very seriously

THE GREAT TRAIN ROBBERY

Directed by Michael Curtiz

For two hours *The Great Train Robbery* takes charge of your senses—it's terrific. Based on Cratchin's book about the first ever train heist, of gold on its way to the Crown, it's light and airy, with no other purpose than to entertain—totally undisturbed and totally entertaining. Three people—a well-connected Victorian guest (Sean Connery), his witty mistress (Lindsay Anderson), who's not too badly connected herself, and a light-hearted cook (Donald Sutherland)—escape through a series of clever designs to flick the four keys to the safe carrying the gold on the train. Most of the time is taken up with getting these boys, and the robbery itself is anticlimactic, but you can't have everything. It's a lack—the *Strip* with mad Victorian manners. Does that mean more terrible scenes?

No, they're just likeable. Beautifully done with that big Scottish tart and those big brown eyes filled with fun, his running an eyebrow is as exciting as another one after having a fit. Sean Donald Sutherland seems to be in everything he's becoming a real pit. Lindsay Anderson has charming eyebrows.

The *Great Train Robbery* was the last movie shot by the great Geoffrey Unwin (Robertson). In spirit, rural tales—the editing by David Robertson (also Calver) gives the movie its glorious civility. (You wonder about Cratchin's overblown.) It's all as profound as the hole in a doughnut. I'll deny along anything, serious, anyone? York, well, England—and look at him, you come out of *Amber* double during your mother. *The Great Train Robbery* is in—oops—fun. Bernice, too, if you like your fun very seriously.

Lawrence O'Toole

Where else in Montreal can you dine in a legend without even leaving your hotel?



The Queen Elizabeth. Once the private preserve of the far reaches, now the crown jewel of 20th-century Montreal, all guests to enjoy.

The Queen Elizabeth
The Queen of Montreal hotels.

A CN hotel operated by Hotel-Canada. For your pleasure call your Travel Agent, any hotel or City Hotel, or Hotel Reservation Service.

NO MORE MIX-UPS . . . NO MORE DELAYS

ENVELABEL delivers your documentation with the parcel



The answer is in the form a single mail part, fully combined form that combines a shipper's receipt, an accounting copy, a delivery receipt, and a delivery bill, all in one easy to use form. You fill it in once, and your records are accurate, consistent and complete. There's even a hidden pocket built into the self-adhesive label portion that guarantees your delivery receipt arrives with the

ENVELABEL parcel. If shipping papers are causing you delays, talk to Deltek Data Forms about ENVELABEL today.

DATA BUSINESS FORMS

5030 Campus Rd., Mississauga, Ontario L4V 1A2 Tel: (416) 673-1460 or our branches in Montreal, Ottawa, Hamilton, London, Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver.



The making of a party joke – Joe Clark's globe-tripping lives on

By Alan Fotheringham

Down in winter, with its titillating grey dumps of snow loosing like bearded whisks on its streets, Toronto isn't itself. Topsis become even more disappointed. The town, secure in its belief that it not only survives but "transcends" the effects of off-road wanderers in the land, talks to itself. What is so surprising—in a place where the legendary Canadian Grail in the Chelmsa Lowrie is still regarded as a desirable place to eat—is that some weeks after the end of the off-road season, the Clark tour of the universe survives as a topic of instantaneous conversation. That it is reflects largely on the Torons and has some pertinent bearing on the results of the spring election campaign.

It is one thing to so thoroughly boot up a world trip that you resemble a Laurel and Hardy version of *Destination: Alcatraz*. It is another thing quite a remarkable talent to come home to the south of Ottawa and make the whole matter worse. Clark (whose advisers were in some point out of touch with reality) and have yet to return, apparently turned into a wheezer and, behind closed doors, tried to kill the messenger by giving a juvenile report read to the Conservative caucus on the attitude of embassies in the world. He was, however, not so much of a wheezer as he was all the more remarkable since the *insane* Clark—apparently on the advice of his traitorish staff—managed the incredible feat of stuffing the globe with his reporters in his hip pocket and barely confiding a single moment of relaxation or insight with them. With a captive audience of reporters, Clark, he blew it. He took them about it.

The two strongest weapons in the kammer arsenal, a wise judge once said, are anger and ridicule. Clark, in this frigid capital that instinctively hibernates through these dreadful months, has managed to turn himself into cocktail-party entertainment. Joe Clark jokes are now a cottage industry. "Maurice gave Joe a gift when he got back from the trip." "Oh?" "Fresh, cold out hain." "Oh?" "So he bathed right out and so

has warmly greeted.") The last language is new: a Question Period staple. There was the veteran TV reporter on the tour who said, "Philips Fogg went around the world in 80 days on a balloon filled with hot air. Joe Clark has managed the same feat in 30 days—minus the balloon." And "The Conservative party of Canada has spent more than \$50,000 so Joe Clark could learn about the world. Unfortunately, the world has learned about Joe Clark." Splat.

collected in the run-own in the first place, was useful for two reasons. The detailed story of the stacked merchandise has yet to be told. It started with the itinerary dispatched by the Clark office (treating the ship as a "specialty" instead), "embay," "specify," and continued through airline connections that were clearly Monroe impossible to any base in Air Canada parlance. There were the guarantees of Clark too numerous and too painful to be related.

Unbelieving Canadian readers ("How old are the dinosaurs? This is a wild 'You have a lot of rocks here.") The reason the reporter said "the ship, 33 were dispatched as the joint was because this was market testing for a 60-day campaign. If so, the product was found wanting."



More to the point, it revealed an internal inhibition in Tey ranks. The people in charge of the national campaign have kept Clark out of trouble for three years. This disaster was run by Clark's co-office. One of the more respected Ottawa columnists, safe beside the Rideau, went halfway through the tear that, well, both Clark and his caucus knew quite that the positive he had a weak staff. ON? If so, when was this deep secret to be corrected? The day before the campaign began? Two weeks before election day? The day after? Please tell.

There is the problem of *Steve Stevens*, the Tropic shadow finance minister who was the only senior PM trailing Clark (his cheek glued to Joe's shoulder, for close-ups in TV shots). Stevens is regarded by serious Canadian businessmen as a bit of a rounder, via the Bank of Western Canada. Clark, his staff and even Stevens himself will concede he has no serious chance of becoming finance minister. If so, why continue the charade? Has Clark the guts?

There has never been a gang of cynics, manipulators, procrastinators, and prevaricators as deserving of oblivion as this crew of Liberals. Clark and his collection of buy bonds may yet prevent that hoped-for future coming about.



There's nothing quite like it

That's the taste of Seagram's V.O.
Canada's most respected 8 year old whisky.
So smooth, so mellow. So fine in flavour.

Only V.O. is V.O.

First a naturalist, archaeologist, ecologist. Then a miner.

The Laurentide Glacier began retreating to its icy home.

Back down the Athabasca Valley to the Arctic Circle, taking with it the ice shield that had covered Northern Alberta.

But that was thousands of years ago.

Left behind were the wide terraces and gently rolling terrain of the Swan Hills.

And below the surface, coal.

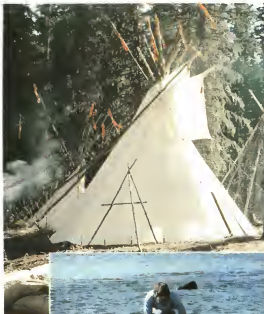
Today coal is important in helping fill Canada's energy basket, but long before Esso Resources* can start to recover these new found deposits, we must also discover what effect development might have on the area.

On the wildlife. On the archaeology. On the vegetation.

Only then can we get down to the mine.

The plant ecology program.

Studies of soils and vegetation are prerequisites to reclamation planning. Detailed revegetation research is required to restore and stabilize land surfaces disturbed by mining.



The archaeological survey.

As part of a heritage research program, students from the Alberta Vocational Centre, Lac La Biche, are practising traditional native lifestyles while in the field, as they learn about the historical aspects of the region.

The wildlife and fisheries program.

The quantity, distribution and habitat of animal and fish populations are being determined by Esso Resources research teams, similar to that shown. The purpose is to minimize or eliminate impact from development.



Imperial Oil Limited

*Esso Resources is a subsidiary of Imperial Oil Limited